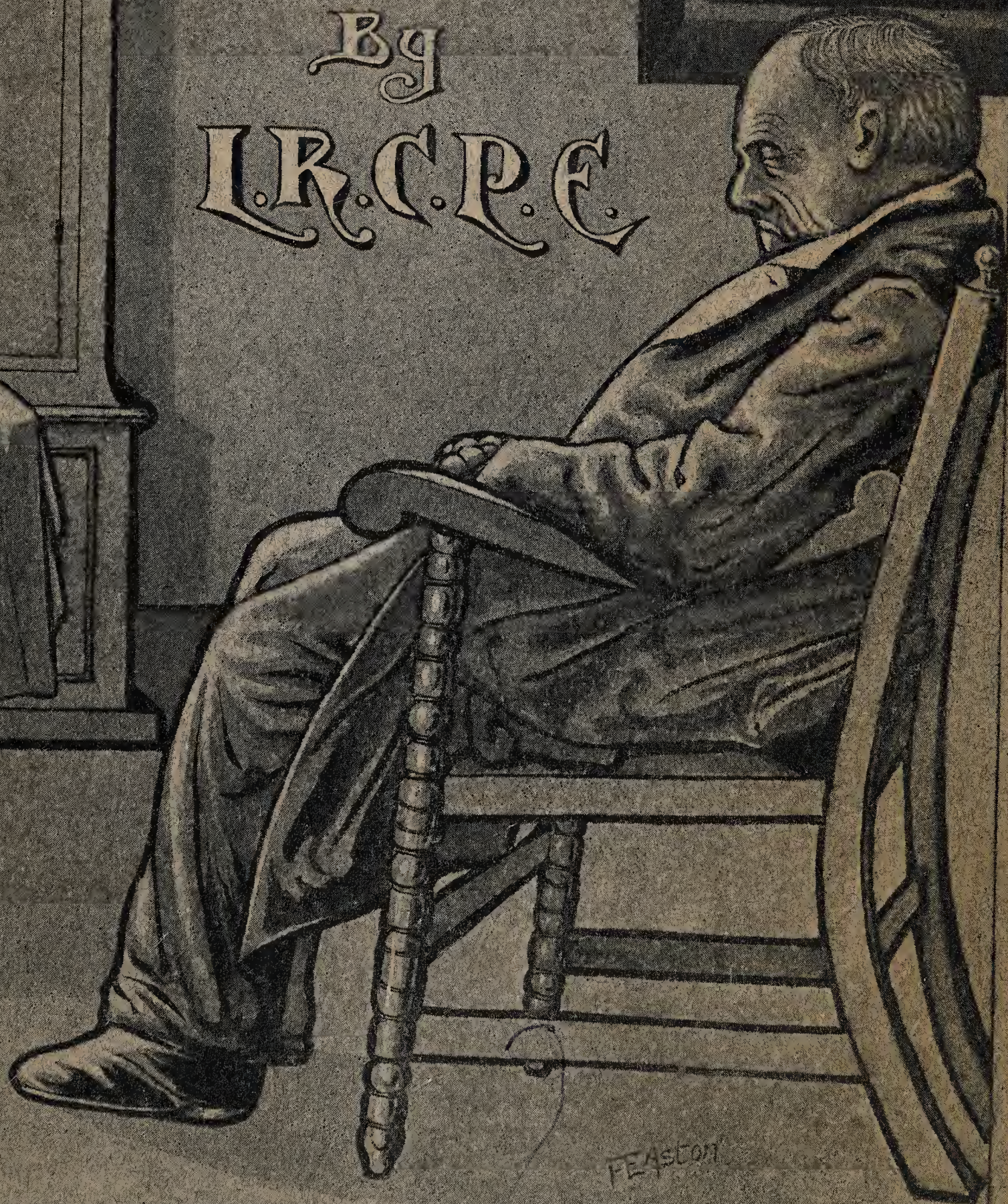


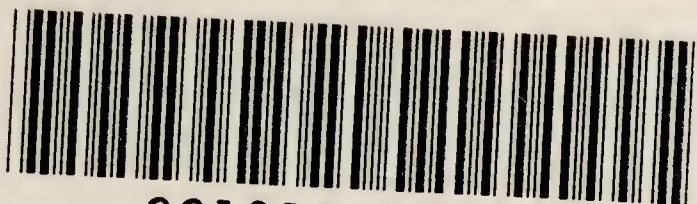
MEDICAL
MUSINGS
GRAVE & GAY
By
L.R.C.P.E.



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BZP (Medical)



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MEDICAL MUSINGS.



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GOLFE DE SPEZIA.

Hotel at Spezia.

MEDICAL MUSINGS,
GRAVE AND GAY :
OR,
A-MUSING RECOLLECTIONS
OF AN OLD DOCTOR.

BY
L. R. C. P., Edin.

1850—1907.

WITH THIRTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS.

LONDON :
WILLIAM STEVENS, LIMITED,
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BZP (medical)



Contents.

CHAPTER I. APPRENTICESHIP.

„ II. AT ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL.

„ III. COUNTRY LIFE

„ IV. „ „ CONCLUDED

} IN { NORFOLK,
SHROPSHIRE,
AND
ESSEX.

„ V. A TRIP TO ITALY.

„ VI. LONDON LIFE.

„ VII. ANECDOTAL AND PERSONAL.

„ VIII. CONCLUSION.

APPENDICES.

MEDICAL APPENDIX.

Preface.

THE following pages were the outcome of a competition for a prize offered by *The Practitioner* for the "three most interesting cases" taken from a Doctor's Note-book.

So many incidents crowded on my mind, "not single spies, but in battalions," that I have been tempted to embody them in a pamphlet. Culled as they are from reminiscences spread over more than fifty years of my life, I trust that I may be excused for the unconnected form in which my various experiences appear. Little as there may be to instruct the student, they will possibly interest or amuse some of my medical or even lay readers. I can only add

"Scripsi quod potui, non quod volui."

L. R. C. P., Edin.

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MEDICAL MUSINGS,

GRAVE AND GAY :

OR,

A-MUSING RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD DOCTOR.

BY

L. R. C. P., Edin.

CHAPTER I.

IT has often struck me that many retired medical men might give instructive and amusing reminiscences taken from their memory, or from their note-book. I am tempted to set the example, adding in an appendix some notes I have jotted down in my case-book, when acting as a "dresser" in one of the provincial hospitals in the years 1853-1856, and also of two or three cases that occurred in my practice later on. It is a common enough question: "What is the first thing you can recollect?" And the replies are often strange and weird.

My first recollection carries me back to 1838, for when just over two years of age I remember having a new Sunday plaid frock put on, and being held up to the window to see the people coming out of the cathedral. As a small boy I recollect "Jenny Lind"* calling at our house, and giving me half-a-crown; another half-crown was given me by Bishop Stanley's son, afterwards Dean Stanley*—why have I not preserved them

as relics? And again, I have a painful recollection of a tame (?) raven, given to my father by the Bishop, taking a small piece out of my uncovered calf. I can, too, just remember the last occasion on which Members of Parliament were "chaired," as I was taken to see, from a window in the market-place, the Marquis of Douro and Sir S. Morton Peto, both looking very uncomfortable as they clung hard to the elbows of their chairs, in which they were carried through the "much be-churched, many bi-angled streeted city of Norwich," as the late Professor Haughton styled that ancient city.

It was some thirty years afterwards that I had the pleasure of listening to the witty Irish Professor at a festive dinner, held in St. Andrew's Hall, Norwich, when the British Medical Association were celebrating their annual meeting in that city. Dr. Haughton, who was rather small in stature, was seated next Dr. Paget (the grave, tall, staid-looking Cambridge Regius Professor of Medicine), and was asked to return thanks for the toast of "The Visitors." On standing up

* See Appendix I.

he found he could not be seen, or heard, so got up on his chair, but, finding that not high enough, he said, to the amusement of those around, "Faith, then I'd better get on the table!" which he quickly accomplished. After alluding to the numerous churches, and narrow streets of the old city, in the words I have quoted, he continued—

"I think you have curious customs in the eastern counties. It was yesterday I travelled with my friend here, Dr. Paget, from Yarmouth, and at a country station where we stopped, I saw two buxom lassies kissing each other. 'Paget, my bhoy,' said I, 'there's a waste of the raw material! You get out and kiss one of them, and I'll kiss the other!'"

Whether his advice was followed or not, the prolonged laughter that ensued prevented my hearing.

At school, my chief memories are of being knocked over senseless by a hockey-stick, and left for dead on the field, my face being covered with blood from a wound over the eyebrow, the scar of which I still bear; of being chosen as long-stop in the school cricket team, in the days of underhand bowling, and promised a thrashing or a reward of a shilling, by the Sixth Form, accordingly as I was guilty of more or less than five byes in a match; of forming one of the school "four" in the first "outrigger" racing-boat which appeared on our local river, and of our being, to our great chagrin, on that occasion easily overtaken and passed by the four daughters of Captain —, famed for their rowing powers, whom we chanced to encounter.

I left the Grammar School in 1852,

and was very proud of the parting testimonial given me by the head-master, Dr. Woolley, who, poor man, was drowned in *The London*, in which ill-fated vessel he was sailing to take the post of head of the Melbourne University. The testimonial ended by saying:

"And his kindly and amiable disposition much endeared him to us, and made our parting painful."

One of our "old boys" was Brooke, the first Rajah of Sarawak, whom I remember paying a visit to his *Alma Mater*, and shaking hands with the Sixth Form boys.

At school I was well-grounded in classical literature—*Livy* and *Demosthenes* being my last studies; but in mathematics I was at the bottom of the class, and can recall the fact of trying to learn the propositions in Euclid by heart, as the only way to master them.

How I have regretted all my life having neglected French and German, and at school absolutely refusing to pursue my musical studies!

In the same year, 1852, I was apprenticed to a local medical man, for in those days apprenticeship was the usual mode of entering the medical profession. My duties consisted in dispensing—the rhubarb pill, and the "three draughts daily" largely predominating; learning a little *materia medica*, chemistry, and "the bones"; attending as a dresser at the hospital in the mornings; the afternoons being occupied in the dispensing surgery; and the evening in "booking" and study.

I quickly learnt my first necessary lesson in medical practice. I had been apprenticed to our "family doctor," a gentleman of the highest character, a

J.P., Consulting Surgeon to the County Hospital, and with an enormous *clientèle*, but who, in the evenings, still found time to coach his pupils in the subjects to which I have alluded. Within a month I became fairly proficient in dispensing, when one day a patient sent up two pill-boxes to be re-filled, the one marked "Digestive" pills, and the other "Dinner" pills. I found the dinner pills and re-filled the box, but could not discover the digestive. Now the invalid, as was common in those days, was a great believer in doctor's physic, but would, on no account, take a *dinner* pill when he knew a *digestive* was the only remedy that would relieve his passing ailment. I accordingly asked my principal where I could find the latter. After a moment's hesitation, he informed me that many patients were hypochondriacal, and required humouring, etc., and then ended by saying, "*Fill them out of the same box.*" I may add that the patient lived to over eighty years of age, never taking a digestive pill when he considered he required the other kind.

For one year I was an indoor student at the hospital, and owing to the apathy of the house surgeon,* had to perform most of the minor operations, such as tooth-drawing, passing catheters (the old silver catheter), bleeding, cupping, setting ordinary fractures, etc. I well remember my fright and chagrin at pulling out a sound tooth for an out-door patient, a boy, who, however, went away

quite happy with a decayed molar picked up casually. The parents called the next day to know if it was not of abnormal size!

The amount of practical surgery thus acquired was of immense service to me in after days, for I became fairly perfect in bandaging, putting up fractures, catheterism, etc., although I knew nothing of the anatomy or physiology of the structures I doctored.

Whilst acting as dresser many interesting cases came under my observation, but perhaps none made a stronger impression upon me than the death which I witnessed of a so-called atheist, with whom I had to sit up to clear out a tracheotomy tube at intervals. The poor fellow was the victim of malignant disease, and suffered intensely. A few minutes before his death he evidently wanted to speak. I therefore put my finger on the tube, when he said, "Am I dying?" I bowed my head, and his last words were—

"God help me!"

Amongst other duties, I was often called upon to give chloroform. At our hospital it was the only anæsthetic used—it must be remembered I am writing of the year 1853. It was invariably given on a piece of lint, a handkerchief or a small towel being held a short distance from the patient's face. No death from so administering it had ever occurred. I well remember being struck by the curious effects it had on the different patients. On one occasion a pious clergyman uttered oath after oath when under its influence, and on the same day a butcher, known as a foul-mouthed character, sang one of Watts' hymns. I questioned them some days later. The

* It was at the time of the Crimean War, and there was the greatest difficulty in obtaining a house surgeon at all. For a fortnight I was acting as such, and have still by me the recorded thanks of the hospital committee, for my services.

priest said his last thought was a fear lest he *should* use improper words, as he had heard patients often did so, whilst the butcher told me he was afraid he should die, and thought of what he used to learn at his mother's knee. Evidently the last impression on the brain before unconsciousness supervened was the cause of the strange utterances.

Writing about chloroform reminds me of an obstetric case that I was suddenly called upon to attend in the absence of the medical man originally engaged. It was in my first year of practice, and the patient, a nobleman's wife, had engaged

one of Sir Archibald Simpson's (of Edinburgh) "swell" nurses to be with her. This nurse was an awe-inspiring, fashionably-attired lady of some forty summers, who undertook the whole management of the case, looking upon me as a necessary but wholly unimportant witness of the lying-in-chamber. She gave chloroform *ad libitum*, and laughed at my expostulations and nervousness, both not to be wondered at, as she administered over fourteen ounces of chloroform during the three or four hours of labour.

CHAPTER II.

IN 1856 I entered as a student at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and have never regretted the choice of hospital, my affection for "good old Bart's" being still as strong as ever. At that time the hospital was rich in "stars" of the profession.

Stanley and Lawrence were two of the surgeons; Paget was lecturing on physiology; Skey on anatomy; and Franklin on chemistry; whilst Savory and Holden were demonstrators of anatomy, with "Tom Smith" as assistant. Baly and Holmes Coote, with other well-known men, attended at the out-patients' department.

Think of it, ye Bart's men!

Paget and Holden were worshipped by the students; Skey was as great a favourite with those who knew him well; and "Tom Smith"—now Sir Thomas—was a happy mixture of the three, and became in time the most loved man in the hospital.

My contemporaries—some of them are now on the staff of the hospital—were Crowfoot of Beccles (one of our best living naturalists); Batten of Gloucester (who, when house-physician, took immense pains in instructing his clinical clerks, of whom I was one); the ever-young and popular Howard Marsh; Willett; Langton; Southey; Reginald Harrison; Sir Alfred Cooper; "Joe" Rogers; May, of Plymouth; Sir W. Farrington; Herbert Thompson, of Sevenoaks; and other well-remembered names.

"Sport" in those days was very different from "sport" of the present time, when there is a club for each kind of game, many of which were then unknown. Our cricket team was, however, a famed one, and we won nearly every match one season. Helm, a left-hand bowler, I remember, was in the Cambridge eleven. Snowballing in the Square was in great vogue, but was peremptorily stopped in consequence of the senior physician, Sir G. Burrows, accidentally absorbing one on his shirt front when passing round a corner.

The one day looked forward to by the chemistry class, was the administration of laughing-gas to any of the students desiring it in one of the sides of the open square. This also was afterwards prohibited, as the professor was attacked by one of the recipients, and his hat smashed. The culprit declared it was unintentional and the effect of the gas.

One small "chestnut"—I may perhaps call it—was the following little incident. Three or four third-year students were pretending to argue about a man in one of the wards, who was said to have something wrong with his eye. A conceited first-year student was saying he was sure he could diagnose it, and was sent up to the ward—two or three others accompanying him. We all examined the patient, although he seemed to object to our so doing, for the case, I may mention, was not an eye case. Fortunately, on coming down to report our opinions, I said, "I had never seen a case

like it before;" but the boaster gave it a long scientific name, and entered into full particulars of the eye affection. It was a lesson to him during his career, for the man in question *wore a glass-eye*.



Although not obtaining any distinction at my *Alma Mater*, I passed the College examination successfully in 1859, being one of the first batch of students who had to undergo the *written* examination, as well as the *oral*. The latter will ever be in my memory, for whilst waiting in the "sweating-room" we heard loud laughter proceeding from the examiners' hall. On an Irishman coming out, we immediately asked the cause.

"Shure, I don't know why," was his reply; "but they laughed at everything I said."

"What were you asked?" we all enquired.

"Well, they first asked me how I would trate a case like the poor Marquis of Waterford's."

(The Marquis had fractured the base of his skull from a fall whilst hunting.)

" 'Well, gentlemen,' I said, 'I should lay the poor fellow on his back, and *let him die in paice!*' But why they laughed I'm shure I don't know."

(Upon my word, I don't either, for I doubt if he could have suggested a better treatment!)

"Another old chap there," he added, "asked me what *metastasis* was, and I said, 'I had read all about it in the books, and when I came to the end of the chapter, I knew no more about it than when I began'!"

(It is doubtful if anyone else does!)

Our friend passed his examination, as indeed he deserved.



I might mention here—the tale will interest a nervous candidate—that on going up for my first oral examination my nerves suddenly gave way, and I completely lost my head.

At the first table stood Mr. S——, for whom I had acted as dresser. He remarked, "This is one of my men," and accordingly his co-examiner attacked me, questioning me on the palmar and wrist anatomy. Although I was well up in dissecting, I, as I said, had lost my head, and gave the most stupid and wrong answers. Questions, however, on various bones and other subjects, I answered correctly enough. Mr. S——, who had jotted down my answers, gave me the paper to carry to the next table, muttering, "Whatever is the matter with you?"

At the next table I boldly said, "Would you allow me a moment's grace, sir? I am so stupidly nervous."

"That's all right, sit down for a minute," was the kind reply.

"Now, sir, are you ready?"

"Quite, thank you," I replied.

To my great surprise I was examined on the nerves and muscles of the forearm and hand, and this time I answered every question correctly enough. The examiner (Mr. H.) was about to examine me on something else, when I said,

"You will hardly believe it, sir, but at the other table I could not answer a single question on the same subject correctly."

"What, what?" he said, looking at

the paper with surprise. "There is nothing down here. What do you mean?"

"I suppose," I replied smiling, "it is the difference of the examiner."

Mr. S—— afterwards told me he had omitted my errors, seeing I was at fault through nervousness, and he knew well enough that I was well up in the subject.



My London career was unfortunately interrupted by a serious illness. I was clerking for Dr. Baly, the Queen's Physician of the day, who was, to everyone's sorrow, killed in a collision on the Brighton line some years after. His was the only fatal case.

I had felt "seedy" for weeks, and one afternoon, after two hours' clerking, asked him to prescribe for me.

His reply was, "Go and take your coat and waistcoat off."

On examination he found the left side of my chest full of fluid, and my heart pushed over to the right side—an insidious attack of pleurisy. I was sent to my lodgings in Barnsbury, with a huge blister and a prescription of iodide of potassium, and a grain and a half pill of *hydr-c-creta*,* to be taken three times a day. The next day I was really ill, with nerves broken down and feverish. Dr. Baly drove round to see me, and ordered fourteen leeches. (In those days tapping the chest was almost unheard of.) The leeches were put on at seven p.m. and at two a.m. I awoke, found I had been bleeding freely, and fainted

away. Fortunately my friend, May, a fellow-student who lodged with me, heard my movements and arrested the bleeding. In the morning, though I had only taken four one and a half grain doses of the *hydr-c-creta*, profuse salivation set in, and continued for over a week. The pleuritic fluid was absorbed like magic, but it was doubted if I should have strength to recover. I shall never forget the first time I was able to get out of doors. I had a fit of coughing on the doorstep, and overheard the remark—evidently not intended for my ears—of a cabman to a passer-by, "Ah, poor fellow, he ain't long for this world!" However, in two months time I was at the hospital, and was nearly made ill again by students stopping me to feel the rubbing bruit of the pleural membranes, which was quite distinct even through a great coat. Three weeks at the seaside completely set me up, and, with the exception of an acute attack of sciatica twenty years ago, I have always enjoyed the best of health. As long as was necessary, Dr. Baly, then at the zenith of his career, paid me daily and even evening visits. All honour to him! His death was a great loss to the profession, and I doubt if he had an enemy in the world. Like Sir James Paget, he was a self-made man, an assiduous worker, and was rapidly rising to the head of his profession. I remember on one occasion calling him at two-thirty a.m., to a consultation, and found him writing his lecture for the next day in bed.

I happened to be in charge of a gentleman who had been operated on by Sir H. Thompson (then Mr. Thompson). During the night the patient's wife, also

* For the sake of lay readers, I may say this was a very mild form of mercury.

an invalid, was taken so alarmingly ill with spasmodic asthma that I thought it necessary to send for Sir Henry. He came, and suggested a physician being called in, as the pulse in the radial artery was not to be found beating, and the patient was apparently sinking. Dr. Baly was accordingly called up. I should state that the bed was almost close against the wall, and when the consultant arrived, I squeezed between

the couch and the wall, and naturally put my fingers on the wrist nearest me, Dr. Baly feeling the left pulse. To my surprise, I found that the patient, although semi-unconscious, had, judging from the pulse in the right wrist, considerably rallied. It was then found that there was a congenital absence of the *left* radial artery, and to me, a third-year student, it was a very useful lesson. The patient recovered.



“Hi, Hi! Are yow Mr. ——’s new man?”

CHAPTER III.

AS soon as I had passed the College of Surgeons' examination, I went as assistant to a country practitioner, by the seaside on the East Coast, and whilst there worked for the Edinburgh Licentiate'ship of the College of Physicians, which I succeeded in obtaining, being complimented by the late Sir Douglas Maclagan for my thesis on pleurisy, easy enough for me to describe after my recent attack.

My first week as a country assistant I shall not easily forget. The day after my arrival at C——, I was sent to a neighbouring fishing village, now, by-the-bye, a fashionable resort, to visit the parish patients. My pride as a fully-fledged M.R.C.S. Eng. quickly had a fall.

An old fisherman stopped my pony on the road with—

"Hi, Hi! Are yow Mr. ——'s new man?"

I could hardly believe my ears, but as he stood in the middle of the road, I had to pull up.

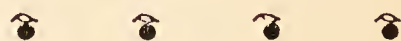
"Yow must go and see my ould woman, she be mortal bad! Lor' she ha' suffered a shipwreck in the night!"

I took the address, and was trotting on, when the old boy called out—

"Now, young man, doan't yow give her no hurricane medson!"

On arriving at the cottage I asked the old dame for a glass of water.

"What, are you a teetotum?" was her remark.



Before I left the neighbourhood I had as a patient Mr. Windham, commonly called "Mad Windham." As may be remembered, a Commission of Lunacy was held in his case, Samuel Warren, the author of *Ten Thousand a Year*, but who proved a very incompetent judge, presiding. That Windham was totally unable to manage his affairs was terribly proved by after events, but the jury, which was composed of eighteen county gentlemen, by eleven to seven decided in his favour.

My evidence, which was published in full at the time, showed that up to the day of his marriage with "Agnes Willoughby," a well-known character of the day, he was in such a condition of health as absolutely to forbid his entering the marriage state. I underwent my baptism of cross-examination on that occasion, being severely tackled by Cairns, Karlake, and Coleridge in one afternoon. The first was very sharp; the second did his best to bully me; but Coleridge was the worst, almost catching me in a trap with his insidious suavity.

Poor Windham died penniless and friendless in a Norfolk inn a year and a half after the trial. His wife deserted

him very quickly after he had sold Felbrigg Hall, and run through some £12,000 a year. The trial cost over £30,000, and created such a scandal at the time that an Act of Parliament was passed to alter the procedure in such cases. The recent Lunacy Commission on the Marquis of Townshend is a case in point.

After Windham's death, I received a letter from the late Dr. Forbes Winslow, who did his best to prove to the jury the poor fellow's utter "incapacity to manage his own affairs," the fact being that, as he says, many of the British public believed that Windham's relations were simply trying to secure his estate for their future benefit, by shutting him up in an asylum.

Dr. Winslow wrote:—

"Alas, for the imbecile Windham! There was in his case a frightful miscarriage of justice. The fact was, the vain and stupid person who sat as judge failed to lay down the law of mental unsoundness in accordance with judicial text-books. I mean mental unsoundness as defined by Lord Eldon, Lyndhurst, etc., and as distinct from ordinary lunacy or insanity. The cheap press was suborned by large sums of money to raise a popular cry against the notion of Windham's mental unsoundness, and the jury were afraid to go against the public feeling.

"All I predicted with respect to him came literally to pass."



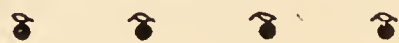
I well remember an amusing episode which happened to a medical neighbour, one of the so-called "parish doctors."

On arriving home after a long round, he found two messengers waiting, one a groom from a rich squire, and the other the old wife of a parish patient. They lived in opposite directions, and both demanded immediate attention—in fact the old lady averred that her husband was dying. Some medicine, however, was given her, and the doctor went first to his rich patient. On his return, he posted off to see the old man, some four miles away. On his arriving at the cottage, the wife appeared, and holding up her hands, cried out—

"Oh, Doctor, he be gone! *He be gone!*"

The poor doctor, feeling conscience-stricken, tried to make some excuse, when, to his great relief, the old dame said—

"Your medicine did him a lot of good, and *he be gone out for a walk* this half hour!"

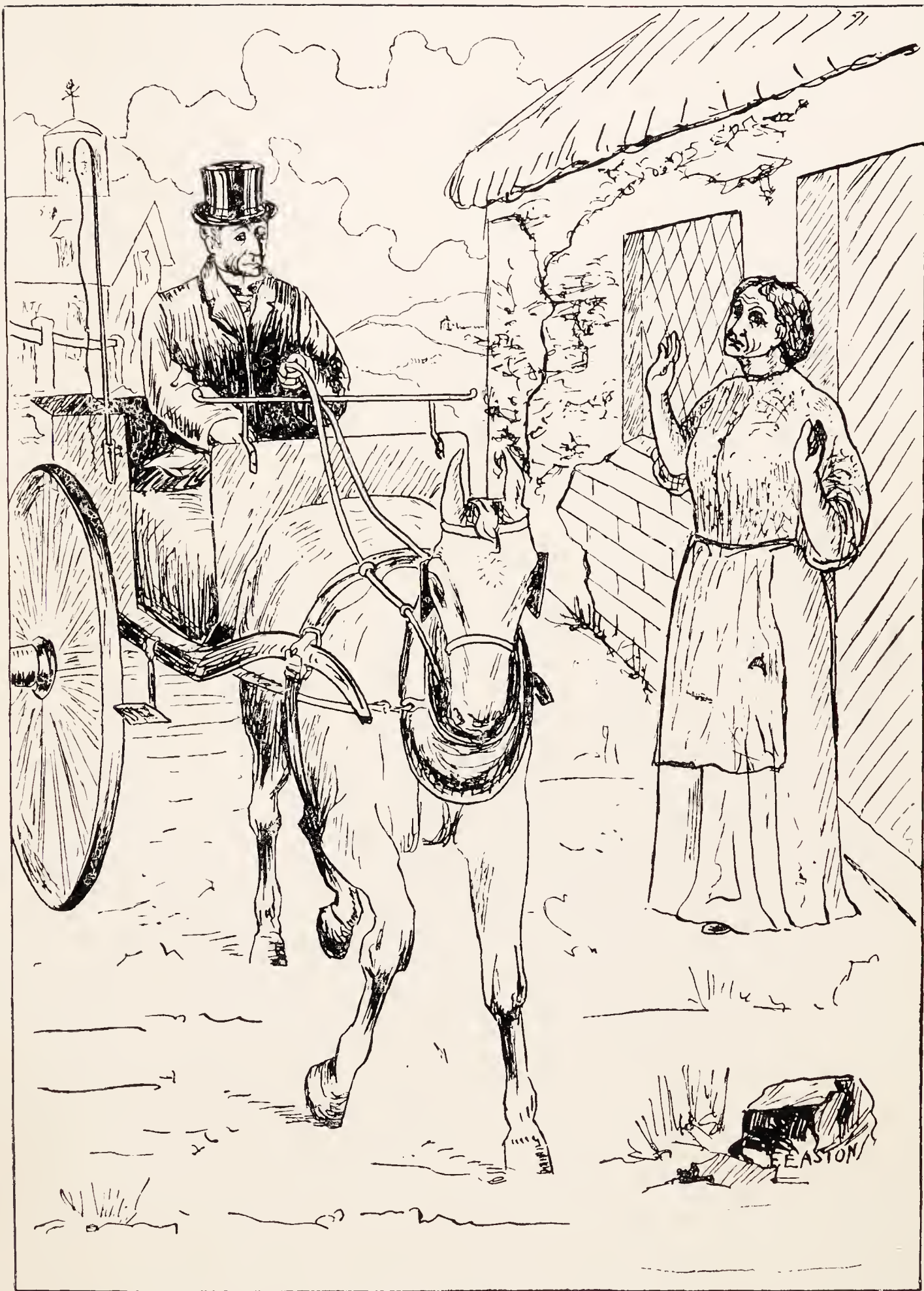


This anecdote reminds me of an amusing story told me by my brother of the Indian Civil Service, who in 1870 was living with Colonel D——, Superintendent of the Government Press at Allahabad. One of the native Christians employed at the Press had not put in an appearance for three or four days, and Colonel D—— went to his house to ascertain the cause of his absence. The door was opened by the wife.

"Where is your husband?" said Colonel D——.

"Oh, sir, he has gone out!" was the reply.

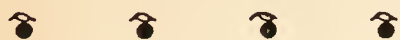
"And where has he gone?" asked Colonel D——.



“ Oh, doctor, he be gone! He be gone!”

"Oh, sir, he has just gone to the cemetery," explained the wife.

"Gone out" meant "dead" this time.



One of the most extraordinary surgical episodes that occurred in my country practice was that of a gentleman who drove up one day to my surgery, and getting out of the trap without assistance, told me the following tale—

He said he was going in a few days on a shooting expedition to South Africa, and having had some cartridges sent down for his inspection, was curious to know their composition, and had actually placed one on some iron palings, and had broken it with a sharp blow of a hammer. The cartridge of course exploded, and he felt a sudden pain in the inner part of his thigh. He noticed a triangular cut in his trousers, and a corresponding small wound in his leg, but there was no hemorrhage. Against his will, his friends insisted on his seeing a doctor. He had driven about four miles, and had felt no inconvenience. I could only pass a probe just beneath the skin, and could feel nothing on pressure anywhere in the limb, while he ridiculed the idea that there was anything wrong. I advised him to rest the leg for a day or two, but he said he had to go to Durham, some 150 miles away, before starting for Africa, and the next morning went off by train. I heard afterwards that even before he got to Durham he was "uncomfortable," and in a few days had to lay up.

The following letter, which I received from the late Mr. Haynes Walton, who fortunately happened to be passing

through Durham, succinctly gives the issue of the case—

"1, Brook Street,

"Hanover Square, W.,

"March 6th, 1864.

"My dear Sir,

"I was called in on Monday last to see Mr. W——, by Dr. Jepson, of Durham. I found profuse suppuration extending up the thigh, and a very copious discharge from the wound. I enlarged the wound, and passed my finger upwards and laterally, but discovered nothing. As my finger could not reach to the limit of the suppuration upwards, I passed a probe, and I made an incision through the integuments opposite to the end of it, and explored again, but nothing was found. I was able to reach within a couple of inches of the bend of the thigh. I now enlarged the wound a little downwards, and proceeded to search. I soon discovered a hole in the fascia. I passed a steel probe and detected metal. I then enlarged the opening, and with a pair of forceps withdrew the entire copper case of the cartridge. It was partly embedded in the bone.

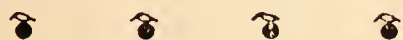
"In the first instance I declined to make any examination except under chloroform, and I am sure that I should never have succeeded in removing the body except I had used it.

"I placed a long splint under the limb in order to prevent all motion. I hear that a very great deal of suppuration has followed my operation, with some erysipelas, but not the slightest constitutional symptoms have appeared.

"There is no doubt that death would have ensued had the copper not been removed.

"Believe me, dear sir,
 "Yours truly,
 "HAYNES WALTON."

I need hardly say this case occurred long before the discovery of the "Röntgen Rays."



During the time I practised in C——, the Volunteer movement was in its infancy, but it grew quickly, and, the rage spreading to our town, a corps was soon formed, many of the neighbouring farmers and others joining. A popular local squire was appointed captain, and I was offered an ensigncy by the Colonel of our battalion, Lord Suffield, a nobleman beloved and respected by all who knew him—his one great fault being his unbounded generosity.

My duties chiefly consisted in marching behind the files, occasionally shouting, "Steady there in the centre!"

We became, however, very proficient as marksmen, practising daily at the butts on the cliffs, while our fife and drum band was the envy of the other companies.

A "sham battle" nearly finished my career both as a volunteer and a surgeon.

A gathering of the county volunteers took place at C——, hundreds of spectators attending to witness an attack by several of the companies on the town. The enemy—I was one of them—arrived on the shore in boats, and attempted to scale the cliffs, which were defended by the remaining companies of our battalion. The mimic warfare was, I am told,

marvellously realistic, so much so, in my case, that I nearly lost the number of my mess, for a ramrod, carelessly left in a rifle, came whizzing close past my ear as I was gallantly (?) leading the forlorn hope up the cliffs.

The umpires decided it was a drawn battle, and friend and foe feasted amicably together in the evening.



I have often considered that a country practitioner—presuming, of course, that he has had a good training, and is fairly well up in his work—is, owing to his being more dependent on his own resources, often a more competent adviser than his town *confrère*. Perhaps I should add that I am alluding to the state of things existing some thirty to fifty years ago. Since the days of express trains, the motor-car, the telegraph, and the telephone, patients can easily consult a town specialist, but at the time I am writing about, the country medical man had to perform the major operations at a moment's notice, or let the patient die; the nearest county hospital being often twenty miles away. I myself have operated in the attic of a cottage by candlelight on a case of strangulated hernia, and amputated limbs almost at a minute's notice.

Amongst other operations, I once had to amputate a farmer's arm at the shoulder-joint, with the assistance only of a medical neighbour. The patient was a burly, self-opinionated, most irascible man, a heavy drinker, over six feet in height, and weighing over eighteen stone. He had been to a sale and bought an immense iron boiler, which two of his men were unable to lift.

Pushing them on one side, and exclaiming, "*I'll show you how to do it,*" he actually lifted it up on end, but found it too heavy to hold up, and before his men could assist him, it fell to the ground, enclosing him underneath, with the exception of his arm, which was terribly crushed by the edge of the boiler.

When I arrived at the house, I at once told him that his arm must be amputated above the elbow. He absolutely refused, in spite of all I could say. In a few days mortification set in, and to save his life he consented to have it removed, and I amputated his arm with great difficulty at the shoulder joint. On the third day he went down to the cellar and drank several glasses of beer, but nevertheless made a good recovery.

At the end of the year I sent in my account, viz., thirty guineas. He went into a violent passion, said he was not going to pay any — doctor thirty pounds just for cutting his arm off, and I had the greatest difficulty in getting my account settled.

In one instance I believe I hold a record, as I amputated the leg of a woman above the knee, and she was walking about on crutches on the fourteenth day. Healing by first intention occurred, and this, be it remembered, was long before the days of Lister. I might mention that I adopted Professor Humphry's treatment, who never applied strappings or bandages, but used to cover the stump loosely over with carbolic tow. No doubt the good air of the country helped the matter.



Another anecdote which indicates that the opinion of the country doctor is

sometimes worth having, is recalled to my mind.

Dr. —, living in a small village some hundred miles from London, was summoned to the metropolis by a special messenger to see the Dowager Lady —, an elderly dame whom he had attended for some thirty or forty years. She had been invited by her son, Lord —, to visit him at his town house, and was there taken ill.

The medical baronet of the day—this was in the early thirties—and another consultant had pronounced her case hopeless, and the old lady was informed she was in a parlous condition. She coolly said that if she was to die, she would like to see her old doctor once more, and accordingly he arrived as fast as post-horses could bring him. I can imagine him now, as I saw him many years afterwards, attired in the blue coat of the period, with gaiters and the old-fashioned neck-stock.

With the two eminent consultants he examined his patient, and they retired for consultation downstairs. Dr. —, not in the slightest abashed, placed himself in his favourite position on the hearthrug with his back to the fire, while Sir —, with grave and dignified deliberation, addressed him with the question—

"And now, Mr. —, will you tell us what *you* think of your old patient?"

"Well, gentlemen," quickly replied the country doctor, with his hands in his waistcoat pockets, "*well, suppose we say down to tea in a week—eh?*"

And his words proved true.



The country doctor, too, such is my experience, has to listen to more secrets

than a town doctor—important family secrets often, that would, if divulged, astound the public. For the country patient is more apt to lapse into confidential terms with his medical attendant than he of the town, who has many other intimate friends within easy reach. At any rate I am not alone in my opinion that in the country the doctor and the banker know more of the inner life of the patient and his family than even the clergyman or the lawyer.

The country medical man is perhaps harder worked than the town practitioner, but, as he has the advantage of "fresh air," and is able to get more active exercise, I would certainly recommend young doctors, *ceteris paribus*, to follow my experience, viz., to remain twenty years or so in the country, and then try the larger towns or London. Night work and long journeys often begin to tell on a man after he gets past the forties, and certainly it is not pleasant to be called up seven nights

running, as happened to me once, or to have to leave your dog-cart for three days in a snowdrift, which I remember was my fate in the great snowstorm of January, 1881.



On one occasion I was called up at twelve p.m. to a patient living four and a half miles from my residence, and returning home about two a.m. I passed a bucolic in a village two miles from my house.

"Good night, master," said the villager.

"Good night," I replied, and soon got comfortably settled in the arms of Morpheus, to be awakened again by that terrorist, the night-bell. The man who called me up for the second journey was the villager who had wished me "Good night."

"I thort it was *yow*, doctor, but I warn't sure!" was all he said.



“ Well, gentlemen, suppose we say down to tea in a week—eh?”

CHAPTER IV.

I CAN hardly write of a country doctor's experiences without alluding to horse-flesh. In my school-days I remember a special donkey was kept for my use during the holidays, but until I left London I rarely had any riding, and still less experience of driving. Years afterwards I remarked to my groom, who had been with me very many years,—before the days of Board School we were not so constantly changing servants,—

“Your mistress drives well, doesn't she?”

“Drive a deal better than you do, sir,” was his reply.

He was not wrong, and his remark would have applied equally well to the saddle, for while my wife was an expert rider, my own ambition, often gratified, seemed to be to get over a hedge before my steed, which was always, to give credit to my stable, an excellent jumper. Nor did I know much about the points or merits of a horse, and I owe the success of my first purchase, which promotion to partnership with my principal made requisite, to a farmer patient who told me of a bargain to be obtained for thirty pounds, of a pony, trap, and harness, the two latter being nearly new. These I bought, and had only been their owner some two or three days, when a horse-dealer, living some miles away, called and offered me no less than twenty-eight pounds for the pony alone. It appeared he had sold the pony to its previous master and knew its value. However, I refused the offer, and drove it

for six months, sometimes forty miles in the day. I soon required a larger animal to ride and drive, so I wrote to the dealer, saying he could have the pony. He came over, looked at the animal, said I had worked it too hard, and offered me eighteen pounds for it, which I accepted. I then told him exactly what I required for my own use, and on his telling me he had several likely to suit me, I requested him to send me the one he thought most suitable.

“Without seeing it first?” he enquired.

I replied I knew nothing about horses, and would leave it to his honour, which pleased him immensely, and he sent me a grey mare, a four-year-old, for which I paid him £21, and actually drove for twenty-five years, when I gave it to a farmer to drive his wife to church with. He kept it two years, until it was past work, when it was shot. A year after I had bought this mare, I required another, and wrote to the dealer, requesting him to send me one. He came over and told me he had only one he could recommend—a half-sister of the grey—a bay in colour, but the same age and height, viz., 14-3—“Robin Hood” and “Old Premier” were their sires, both well-known Norfolk trotters. I bought it on his recommendation, but he would not take less than fifty pounds for it. This mare turned out a remarkably good bargain, being a magnificent stepper. I kept her seven years, took a first prize at the Birmingham Horse Show,

and a prize at the Islington Show as a park hack, selling her easily for one hundred and fifty guineas. At the Hall I came across the dealer, and gave him a "fiver" for his youngest child,—he had nine children. He then told me how he had bought her. He had met Mr. —, a brewer, in Norwich market, and had promised to go over to look at some horses. He did so, but the only one he cared to buy was the bay mare in question. Putting his hand in his pocket, he found he had left his cheque-book at home.

"Never mind," said Mr. —, "you can send it in the morning when you send for the mare."

In the morning, however, the dealer received a letter from Mr. —, saying he had changed his mind, as his wife wished him very much to keep the animal.

"What did you do?" I enquired.

"Well, I told my man to put a horse in the cart, and come with me to Mr. —'s, adding that when there I should bid him put his leg over a certain mare and to trot it home to my stables. When I got to the house, I saw Mr. —, who immediately asked me if I had not received his letter."

"'Yes,' I said, 'but, hang it all, I bought the mare!'"

"'Well, you see,' replied Mr. —, 'my wife does not wish to part with it, and as no money passed between us, I need not sell it.'

"'All right,' I said, 'but I rather liked the look of her; how is she with the saddle?'" and it so happened the mare was at that moment brought out for exercise.

"Turning to my groom, I said,

"'Jack, just get on her back and trot her down the yard.'

"Jack, obeying my orders, trotted her down the yard on to the high road homewards.

"'Where is your groom going with my mare?' exclaimed Mr. —.

"'Going with *your* mare,' I retorted, 'he is going home with *my* mare, there is your cheque; good morning.'"

They did not speak to each other for a year, but fortunately for me the law was not brought into action. I continued, indeed, to buy horses of my dealer as long as I required any, and never had a bad one.



Amongst other duties, the country doctor is expected to assist the parson's and the squire's wives in getting up "Penny Readings," Concerts, and other entertainments, not always an agreeable task. In my village, with the help of subscriptions, I converted an old-fashioned cottage into a very decent Reading-room, in which discussions were held on political and other subjects. It was surprising what keen politicians some of the villagers became.

One subject on which I occasionally lectured,—the Instinct and Reason of Animals,—was always well received, and I remember illustrating by facts observed by myself that birds have the power of imparting facts to each other. It was before railways had penetrated into the country districts, but the Government had commenced to lay down a submarine telegraph, and the wires had to run along the roads leading

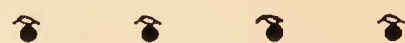
to the sea coast. During the first season they were set up, I was constantly picking up young partridges which had broken their necks by flying against a wire; during the second season I found but half the number, and after a year or two I rarely, if ever, saw a dead bird on the road. I think there can be no doubt that the old birds warned their young to be "careful when crossing the road." How else is it to be explained? Possibly they might have been able to show the chicks the spot where their careless ancestors met with a sad fate.

But the study of animals' power of reason is "another story," and I must return to my own experiences.



While practising in Essex, I accidentally saved the family jewels of a nobleman's wife. She had sent for the heirlooms from her London bank, to wear at an important function which was coming off on a Tuesday night. Her ladyship called me in on the Monday morning, told me that she had a "bad cold," and that I *must* get her well by the following night. I accordingly advised her to remain in her boudoir or bedroom, and prescribed appropriate remedies. At nine o'clock on the Monday evening, while the family were at dinner at the other end of the hall, Lady — retired to rest, and was soon fast asleep, but was awakened by a small picture thrown on the bed. Suddenly starting up, she saw two masked men examining a small jewel box lying on a table at the foot of the couch. "*Burglars, what are you doing*

with my box?" she exclaimed. Perhaps mistaking her for a ghost, the men screamed and rushed through the window into the garden. No doubt they had imagined Lady — was at dinner with the rest of the family. Both doors were found to be screwed down, and wires laid across the lawn. The ladder, shortened to the required length, had been taken from a neighbouring farm, and carried across the extensive park. The family jewels, worth some £15,000, were in a Japanese cabinet by the side of the bed, but the thieves only carried off two Crimean medals and some articles of no intrinsic value, save for their associations. It was fortunate I had ordered "rest in bed." I might add the thieves were never traced, though the detectives suspected a discharged footman.



It is a common saying that, in one's old age, men take to either "drinking" or "gardening." I feel hopeful I shall not indulge in the first practice, and at present have not done more than "tidying up" in the second. I have introduced the subject of gardening, as when living in Shropshire I possessed a large kitchen garden and orchard. In the latter, by-the-bye, there were no less than fourteen varieties of apple trees, and in some years the fruit was so plentiful that I could neither sell it nor even give it away, and actually had to pay a labourer to clear out the rotting fruit. I could not send the fruit to my friends in Norfolk, the cost of hampers, railway carriage, etc., being more than the value of the fruit itself. At present, so it is

said, it is cheaper to have a ton of apples sent from Canada than it would be to send a quarter of that quantity from Devonshire to London.

I was gathering some raspberries one afternoon, but on my return to the house found I had lost a valuable diamond ring from my finger. It was well searched for, but could not be found. Nine months afterwards I stooped to pick up a weed which I noticed in an onion-bed, and turned up the ring. Doubtless the raspberry leaves had been dug in for manure. The next day a lady at lunch asked to see the ring, which I intended to have made a trifle smaller. I fetched it and put it on my finger, but before lunch was over I was sent for to a patient some five hundred yards from my house. On my return home the ring had again slipped off, and was never found again. Now that ring had a small history attached to it. It had been given to my father—as is related in his “Memoirs”—by a young clergyman, whom he assisted in some great trouble. He called one day to thank my father, and was asked to stay to lunch. When washing his hands in a dressing-room, he took off an old-fashioned diamond ring, and put it on the washstand. My father, casually taking it up, said, “What a beautiful old ring,” at the same time attempting to put it on his *left* little finger, but it would not go over the first joint.

The young parson noticing this, said, “It is a pity it won’t go on your finger. I had intended giving it to you as a keepsake in return for your great kindness to me.”

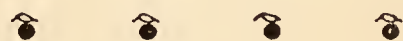
“Do you really mean it?” replied my father, still vainly trying to push it on.

“Oh, yes,” was the answer.

“Well, I can soon oblige you,” my father rejoined, “as singularly my *right* little finger is much smaller than my left,” and he slipped the ring easily on.

The donor’s face changed, but he could say nothing. At lunch he did not seem to have much appetite, and appeared very downcast, soon leaving the house. Before he could arrive home, my father sent off a servant with the ring enclosed in a letter, the latter containing words of advice to the young man, begging him never again to say anything he did not really mean.

The next day the ring I lost was sent to my father by the young clergyman, saying the other was an heirloom, and the occurrence would be a lesson to him for life.



Amongst other fruit trees I was the proud possessor of a large medlar tree, the only one in the village. Very few of my household caring for the fruit, I sent a basket full to the rector of the parish. He, disliking them as much as I did, presented them to the vicar of a neighbouring hamlet, who evidently did not relish them either, as he passed them on as a gift to his churchwarden—a patient of mine—who, also detesting them, finally left them at my house with his compliments, where they obtained a decent burial, and I never gave any away again.



[Drawn by H.M.B.]

“Nevermore!”

CHAPTER V.

"A CHANGE" is one of the doctor's favourite prescriptions, and often more effectual than all the chemist's drugs, but certainly the doctor himself ought to practise what he preaches; therefore, a fortnight's change in the shape of a holiday is generally advisable, if not necessary, for him after twelve months' hard work. I remember taking a most enjoyable holiday in the "Sixties," driving with my wife through North Wales, in a dog-cart, with one of my Norfolk cobs,—visiting Bettwys-y-Coed, Beddgelert, Llanberis, Festiniog, *Dolgelly, Barmouth, etc. A drive through Wales is often rather exciting, as may be imagined by the illustration of the Pass of Bwlch-y-Groes, or the "Pass of the Cross," which Pennant describes as "one of the most terrible in Wales."

The weather throughout was most variable. At one part of the day heavy storms of wind, hail and rain greeted us; then for an hour or two bright sunshine, with magnificent rainbows from time to time stretching over the mountains. Certainly "the rain, it raineth every day" in Wales, but as certainly "the sun, it shineth every day"—at least such was our experience. One advantage the heavy storms gave us was that we saw the waterfalls to perfection; but on the other hand, the sight of the unharvested

fields, mile after mile, west of Corwen, was most disheartening. I fear the farmers of North Wales would have but a terribly poor harvest unless October prove a finer month than September had been.

Amongst other excursions we, of course, visited the far-famed "Toy Railway," as we travelled from Festiniog to Portmadoc and back, a journey which a Swiss traveller by our side assured us equalled anything he had witnessed in Switzerland.

It was one of our amusements in the evening to look through the "Visitors' Book" in the various hotels, the poetical effusions in some of them being most awful specimens, but one or two were not bad.

The following will bear repetition, taken from a hotel at Llanberis:—

*"We mounted Snowdon in a mist,
And on the summit landed,
And 'summit' to keep out the fog,
We very soon demanded;
'De-man-did' give us of his best,
And with you we'll be candid,
The best thing to keep out the cold,
We found was to be 'brandied.'"*

At the Lion Hotel at Bala, kept by "Will Owen," we found the following acrostic:—

*"B ut for the 'Inns' how barren life
would be,
A nd but for the 'Outs,' how little we
should see!
L et us then name him whose thought
and 'Will,'
A re to lend both comfort and be
'Owen' still."*

Old Play.

* The tale is told that two friends made a bet at a dinner party that the one would name the prettiest ten mile drive in Wales, and each wrote down his opinion. On the host opening the papers, on one was inscribed "From Barmouth to Dolgelly," and on the other, "Dolgelly to Barmouth."

The longest holiday that ever fell to my lot was in 1890, when I spent six weeks in Italy, having some idea of permanently settling in that country, but I found the restrictions imposed on foreigners practising as medical men were too severe to enable me to follow out my intention.

I stayed at Spezia for over a month, and while there visited various health resorts on the Italian Riviera, spending with my family a most enjoyable time. It will not be out of place to give my medical ideas of its suitability for the invalid, both as regards climate and scenery.

As is well-known, Spezia is the naval arsenal in Italy—in fact, the “Portsmouth” of the country—possessing such natural advantages that, after visiting it, one ceases to wonder at its having been selected for that purpose. It lies at the head of the famous Gulf to which it gives its name—a gulf extensive and deep enough to hold all the navies in the world—and is surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills and mountains which shelter it from the northern and north-eastern winds. Spezia is the centre of a district which affords the greatest possible variety of scenery by sea and land, the lower ranges of hills being intersected by lovely and picturesque valleys, and the higher ranges of mountains affording some of the finest and wildest scenery to be found in Italy.

These higher mountains are penetrated by deep and silent valleys, down which rush streams fed by the perennial springs and melting snows. Each of these valleys is well worth exploring. San Terenzo, the home of Shelley; the

picturesque village of Lerici, with its ancient castellated tower; the quaint town of Porto Venere, with a magnificent view of the ruins of the Church of S. Pietro, from which, too, one overlooks the Convict Island of Palmiera. On the other side of the town is a large cave in the rocks at the bottom of the cliff, called “Byron’s Cave,” as the poet is said to have written one of his poems in it. Amongst other places—all within an easy distance by road, rail or steamer—are the curious village of Sarzana; Sistri Levante, with its lovely gardens belonging to the local Marchese; Pisa, etc., etc. The Carrara white marble mountains are on the north of Spezia, and form a marvellous background to the panorama to be seen from the heights above the town.

Spezia possesses a first-class, and most comfortable hotel, the Croce di Malta; Messrs. Coates, the English proprietors, were born in Italy, but speak English perfectly. In summer the town is filled by Italians, who come chiefly for the bathing, but during the winter months it is the resort of a few invalids from England, Germany, and Russia. An English chaplain resides at the hotel, from December to May, but there is no English doctor in the place. The drinking water is excellent and pure, and the drainage of the town has been greatly improved since the visitation of cholera some years ago. In an appendix will be found a fairly literal translation by my daughter of a paper on Spezia by an Italian doctor, which may be useful to invalids.

After my sojourn in Spezia, I went on to Naples to visit my brother, who at the time had a villa at Sorrento, the home of



Lerici, Gulf of Spezia.

The house seen in the trees was the residence of Queen Alexandra during her stay at Spezia a few years ago.

Marion Crawford, the novelist. It is said that in this place asthma is unknown, and that natives in Southern Italy invariably say to an asthmatic martyr, "Why don't you go to the orange groves of Sorrento?"

Every possible spot that can be cultivated in the immediate vicinity of the small town is planted with orange and lemon trees. Apparently the aroma of the fruit, combined with the sea air, has some remarkable effect on the disease in question. At all events, chronic asthmatics are in "Paradise" whilst residing there, though, perhaps, in the late

summer it may be too relaxing for English invalids.*

The accompanying views, taken from photographs, give a good idea of the scenery near Spezia. Most of the places can now be visited by a two-penny steamer, the hotel people giving you a luncheon-basket, if you wish—as you invariably *do* wish—to take your midday meal on the rocks or hills, and return to Spezia by one of the afternoon boats.

* N.B.—The Italians throng to Sorrento in the summer because it is cool and less relaxing than other places. It is *not* too relaxing for Italian invalids

CHAPTER VI.

THE following incident which may almost be termed a "Romance of the Profession," occurred to me some years ago, after settling in London.

A lady and gentleman were shown into my consulting-room late one evening. The latter, whose accent proclaimed him to be an American, greeted me with the remark—

"I think yew are Dr. —, and that yew attended Miss — for some years?" mentioning the name of a patient who had been handed over to me by my predecessor, as a case of tubercular disease, but whom I found suffering from anæmia and other trouble, and who eventually made a complete recovery. I must here relate that the father had, through no fault of his own, failed in business, and was in my debt for some forty odd pounds. Sympathising with the family, I had not pressed in any way for payment.

I replied that it was as he stated.

"Wall, sir, I must tell you that Mr. — and his family were very good to my wife here, when she was left an orphan, and I have not forgotten their kindness; and I have brought her to the old country for a holiday, and last night I took them all to the theatre, and when I got back I laid on the sofa, and they thought I was asleep, but I heard Miss — telling my wife how ill she had been, and how yew had at last cured her, and how kind yew had been, and how sorry they were they had not been able to pay yew, and before I got off the sofa, I said to myself, '*That doctor shall be*

paid!' Now I hear yew are very fond of curiosities" (my hobby,—every doctor should have a hobby,—is collecting old oak and china, etc.) "Will you look at this?" holding out an old malacca walking-stick, the handle of which was encased in a morocco covering. I took the latter off, and found the handle of the cane was of ivory, in the shape of a bird, and was studded over with small diamonds and other stones, two rubies forming the eyes. It was extremely handsome, but only fit for a museum.

I, of course, admired it, when he informed me he had bought it for £30 of some man who had saved the life of a Pasha's daughter in Turkey, and added—

"It is mine now, and if yew like it, doctor, it's yours!"

I naturally hesitated, when he continued—

"I live in San Antonio, in Texas, the finest city in the world, after Chicago, and own several plots of land there, and if yew would prefer a plot of land to the stick, I will give yew the necessary deeds; they are worth fifty pounds each, and if yew keep them for two or three years, they may be worth one hundred pounds."

It ended in my deciding to become a landed proprietor in South America. Six weeks after, Mr. — called to say good-bye. He had left the stick with me for two or three days, and I told him how it had been admired by my patients, when he remarked—

"Wall, doctor, I've taken a fancy to

yew, but I am not made of dollars, but if yew like to give me £5 yew may have the stick." I gave him a cheque on the spot, but to my chagrin it was returned the next morning, as his wife had packed up the stick and sent it on board ship. A month after I had a letter from him saying the duty on the cane would cost nearly ten pounds, or he would have sent it to me.



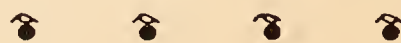
Another occurrence in my career worth recording was the following—

I was asked to take charge for an afternoon of a well-known private Lunatic Asylum in one of the London suburbs. During my stay, I constantly mistook the attendants, some fifty in number, for the patients, and *vice versâ*. I was also myself taken for a lunatic whilst playing a game of tennis, as a visitor calling to see his son asked one of the attendants what I was in for!

In the evening I played a game of billiards with a patient, but had a hint not to beat him, and need hardly say I let him be well in at the finish. A fortnight afterwards I was visiting a case of pneumonia at the same asylum, and, passing through the billiard-room, saw my competitor practising at the table by himself. All the three balls were at the top of the table, and as an act of courtesy, I rolled one of the balls to the bottom of the table where he was standing. He immediately became furious, and rushed to attack me with the cue, and had not the Medical Superintendent hurried me out of the room, might have seriously injured me. It appeared that he was playing a series

of games with his right hand against his left, and I had spoilt the stroke.

It was at the same asylum that the tale is told—I believe a true one—of the late Dr. Munro, who while going his rounds found three lunatics who had slipped away from their attendants, alone in a room at the top of the house quarrelling. They were arguing as to how many minutes it would take for a person jumping from the window to reach the ground. Seeing Dr. Munro, they insisted on his jumping out. Without losing his presence of mind, he looked out of the window, saying it would be a very curious thing to calculate, and proposed that he should first run down and see how long it would take to jump *up*—and so fortunately escaped.



One visitor who stayed with me at my London home for some weeks, became a most popular resident, and when he daily took a *siesta* in the front garden, had a large number of sightseers trying to interview him. It was "Jack," *at* six months (brought from India by my eldest son), the cub's mother having been shot in a jungle, where my brother, one of the party, picked "Jack," then a week old, out of the hollow in a tree into which he had scrambled.



The following article appeared in *The Leisure Hour* in 1888, and, I think, may prove of interest.

THE HISTORY OF "JACK," A
YOUNG TIGER.

It was on the 15th April, 1888, that the hero of the following history was discovered; and, although there is no very romantic episode to relate about him up to the present time, still it will doubtless be interesting to many of our younger readers to hear a little of the baby life of a tame young tiger.

I cannot do better than describe his capture in the words of his captor, Reginald Burd, a young midshipman, who had been invited by his cousin, Sir Edward —, one of the secretaries to the Indian Government, to a tiger-shooting expedition in the Bignor District. The whereabouts of the tigers were known, as one of them had killed an enormous panther the night before, which it was supposed the tigress had imagined was about to attack her cubs.

Writing to his home at Shirley Rectory, near Birmingham, the young midddy says:

"We left Lucknow in the morning at three o'clock. It was more interesting country than the day before, as the harvest was going on, and they do things in the real old Biblical style—oxen tethered together treading out the grain, women gleaning, winnowing the chaff by the wind, etc., and all most interesting.

We reached Malihabad at 4.30 p.m., and we had fifteen miles to drive over an unmade road to reach the camp where we were to shoot tiger. The drive was exciting; we went up and down like a ship in a gale. However, we got to the camp about seven without any serious mishap, though we had to change our

horses three times, and spoilt three sets of harness. The fellow whose shooting-party it was was the Collector of Bignor, by name Markham (I think he ought to have been called "*Marksman*," as he has killed seventy-five tigers!), Mr. Ribbentrop, the Inspector-General of Forests, Sir Edward, and myself making the rest of the party.

The camp itself was sumptuous—seven large tents (one apiece to sleep in), a dining-tent, and the rest servants' tents. Dinner *was* good; but one does not often get hot-water plates, finger-glasses, and seven or eight courses in tents, except in India, I think! I went to bed early, and slept well. In the morning we got up, and breakfasted at ten. Then the men struck camp, putting the tents on ten camels, and left. Soon after the elephants came up, twenty of them, four with howdahs on—one apiece for us, and sixteen to beat.

I told them I did not shoot, but I was ashamed to say what was the truth, that I had never fired a gun in my life! So they put a twelve-bore rifle in with me, and said, "*It kicks heavy; look out!*"

We never saw a tiger that day, nor did we fire at anything, though I saw heaps of deer, peacocks, boars, monkeys, etc. We found the camp pitched on a pretty spot, with a fine view of the Himalayas in front. The nearest mountain is about 4,500 feet high, and much higher ones in the distance.

We did not shift camp again, but we did not see a tiger till the last day I was up there; but I saw a panther, and fired at it, and, it's hardly necessary to say, missed it, though I went close to it. We had given up all hopes of tigers, and were shooting stags, when, coming down



“ Jack ” in Infancy.

a jungle in the line of the elephants' beating, a native called to me. I went across, and there was a little tiger about eighteen inches long in the roots of a tree. I took him in my hands, and had hardly done so before I saw the mother. She was too quick for me to fire at her, so I gave the alarm, and we made a line of the elephants to beat her out to the end where Mr. Markham was stationed. Almost as soon as we did so, he saw and wounded her. She tried to come back, but the elephants turned her, and she went on; so he got another chance, and killed her—a fine large tigress, and so pretty!

We got that one day five large stags, one dead tiger, and one live one (mine). I intended to bring it home for N—to have for a pet; but, as he could only drink milk, and as there is a scarcity of that article at sea, I had to swop him for a pair of horns, so N—won't get him.

He was an awfully pretty little animal, and not a bit frightened. I fired at several stags, and missed them all. Sir Edward got two, Mr. Ribbentrop two, and Mr. Markham the other."

The next day Sir Edward — took the cub, which apparently was about a month old, three hundred miles up country, to his residence at Simla, where it was allowed to roam about at will, its favourite amusement being to play with its master's boots and slippers, for the possession of which he would fight to the utmost.

At first the little creature, upon whom was bestowed the name of "Jack," to which he still responds, was brought up entirely on milk given to him from a feeding-bottle by Sir Edward's bearer,

as represented in our engraving,* but this diet proved too rich for him (poor Jack's hair all coming off), and his life was despaired of.

Mr. Bartlett, the genial superintendent of the Zoological Gardens, was consulted as to his future diet, and recommended a mixture of raw beef very finely cut up, crushed bone dust, and cod-liver oil! to be followed, when convalescent, by a more tempting-sounding diet of young pigeons and rabbits freshly killed.

Jack, however, escaped both the cod-liver oil and the dainties to follow, as in the meantime three doctors at Simla had sat in consultation over him, and it was decided to feed him on raw beef juice, which diet succeeded admirably in putting Jack into fine and "obstrepulous" condition, "making,"—as Sir Edward wrote to his little niece when giving her an account of the young tiger—"every one except my bearer afraid of him, and I prefer now, when he is defending a slipper, to have a good stout canvas clothes bag to hold up in front of me. We have provided Jack with a 'poor companion,' a little pariah puppy, which is quite bold, and pulls him backwards and forwards by the tail, but walks away quietly if Master Jack gives an angry growl. The 'poor companion,' however, is, at present, the master. How long will he be so! Nobody says 'How do you do?' to me now, but when my friends meet me, they all call out, 'How's the tiger?'"

Jack was brought to England in the

* The portrait is a very good one of the bearer, who has been with Sir Edward for over twenty years. The expression of perfect satisfaction on the cub's face should be noted.

P. and O. steamer Ballarat, and was a source of constant amusement and interest to the passengers, the ladies making a great pet of it.

On its arrival at the Docks on August 13th, it was found Jack was shipped as "cargo," and some difficulty was experienced in persuading the authorities to allow him to pass as a "*passenger*." However, a tiger, if ever so tame, could not be a welcome visitor for the night everywhere, and, the usual forms being in his case dispensed with, Jack was duly conveyed to his temporary home, where the children received him with delight, his good character having preceded him.

For some days Jack was petted to his heart's content, every one becoming quite attached to him, and his "visiting list" was soon a very large one. Jack, however, returned only one call, being taken to visit the inmates of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum (who were temporarily located at Springfield, whilst their Home was undergoing some necessary repairs); and it was interesting to watch their expressive gestures of astonishment and delight when Jack marched into their garden!

It was amusing, too, to find how soon he knew his way all over the doctor's house, his favourite room being the drawing-room; and he would wend his way upstairs in spite of all the efforts of a little girl of eight, who would tug at his chain in vain, Jack, who is about the size of a full-grown retriever, pulling her upstairs after him. Once in the drawing-room, Jack would proceed to the balcony outside the window, and there lie down, calmly viewing the passers-by with great dignity and complacency.

Jack only too soon found out that doors were made to open, and would stand up on his hind legs, whining and scratching away at the handle until the door was opened. Once or twice, when it was not quite convenient to accede to his wishes, he would refuse to be pulled away from the door, and growled so significantly that the person in charge decided it would perhaps be the wiser plan to remember Jack was, after all, a *tiger*, and the contest generally ended in giving way magnanimously (?) to his desire, which, of course, one argued to one's self, was only a reasonable request for a tiger to make!

In the garden Jack's favourite amusement was to "stalk" any one who would play with him. With a crafty look in his glittering eyes, and his body crouching, he would creep closer and closer, with slow and stealthy steps, to the person he was pursuing, when, suddenly making a dash at their feet, he would roll over on his back, kicking with delight, whilst pretending to bite his victim's ankles, just as a frolicsome puppy dog might do.

The most amusing thing, however, was to watch his antics with a tiny kitten, of which he at first appeared quite afraid, and darted back with a spring if it came too near, making the most absurd dashes at it with his enormous fore paws, keeping all the while at a ridiculously safe distance! However, at last he allowed it to rest on his back.

Jack was of most cleanly habits, and would also clean his face with his paws exactly like his more domesticated relation. One thing he most distinctly objected to, and that was solitude, and he would howl most miserably if left for

a moment, but was pacified directly one of the children went to sit by him, but still not quite content unless they also decided to have a game of romps with him.

Jack slept at night in the back kitchen, in the cage he had occupied on board ship, and his delight at being let out in the morning was most amusing to witness; but, alas! it was getting clear Jack could not remain for ever thus domesticated, and he was taken one day in a cab, amidst the regrets of all, to the Zoological Gardens, where Mr. Bartlett received him and led him through the grounds to his future home.

Jack seemed quite content, but his keeper, Sutton, who has already become attached to him, says he is very lonely at times, and, after the visitors have left the Gardens, he generally takes him for a walk, to Master Jack's huge delight.

He has quickly learnt, too, that 4 p.m. is the hour for "feeding," and paces anxiously backwards and forwards for his daily modicum of goat's flesh, which is at present his only diet. He usually has a shoulder-blade with the flesh on it given him, and he takes at least half-an-hour in demolishing it, eating as much of the bone as his teeth will allow.

Jack is still quite tame, and enjoys being coaxed and played with (he has a fine game every morning with the large wooden ball in his cage), but doubtless sooner or later his savage nature will show itself, and it will be dangerous to make a playfellow of him. He is to be found at the Zoo in the lion-house, in the cage next to the large Bengal tiger. I went to see him there the other day, and renew my acquaintance with

him. He enjoyed being fondled, and whined terribly when the cage-door was closed in his face. However, it was close to his dinner-hour, and he was soon happy in the possession of his "shoulder-blade."

Before leaving the Gardens I went to say *au revoir* to Jack, and found him lying down calmly surveying the spectators with a very dignified countenance but with a far-away, dreamy expression in his beautiful eyes. What were his thoughts! They could not be those of his next-door neighbour, who probably can remember the time when he was a free roamer in his native jungle, either glorying in fierce encounters with other savage animals, or perhaps thinking of the pleasures of capturing the unwary antelope. No! Jack's reminiscences will probably be of the gallant fights for the slipper in the bedroom at Simla, or the delights of "stalking" the doctor's children in their garden, where, too, he was so often regaled on titbits from Fowler's, the butcher, in Hill Street; or possibly he will think of his favourite balcony in the drawing-room upstairs, where he was allowed to enjoy his afternoon *siesta*!

In conclusion, I can assure my readers that "good old Jack" will ever bring back pleasant memories in the minds of those who made his acquaintance.

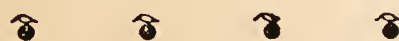
N.B.—Before he went to the Zoo Jack was photographed by Mr. F. Houghton, a local amateur, who, in spite of the tiger's anxious and wily endeavours to "stalk" him, succeeded in taking some excellent negatives.

Since the above appeared in print Jack has departed this life, not alas!

full of years, but in his early prime of "beasthood." Our climate too often proves fatal to mammals, and Jack never reached his fourth year of confinement. Tuberculosis,—in spite of "fresh air," cod liver oil, and every delicacy that the Zoo could provide,—carried him off to the great grief of Sutton, his keeper, who told me he sat up with him several nights trying to get him to take tempting morsels prepared for him. Poor Jack could only lick his old friend's hand in gratitude, and gradually sank.



The appended illustrations show "Jack" being brought up on a feeding-bottle by my brother's bearer, and again as a visitor at my house.



One word I would like to say respecting the generosity of some consultants, who many and many a time have given their advice gratuitously at my request. I remember, for instance, sending a poor vicar's child to Sir James Paget—then the busiest man probably in London. He had written previously saying he would examine the child, "and if," his letter concluded, "I cannot satisfy myself, or his parents, I will send him on to Dr. West," which indeed he did.

I feel I must add here my humble mite of admiration and affection for this great surgeon, although his pupil and intimate friend, Howard Marsh, has in his admirable monograph recounted almost all that can be said or written of him.

I have quoted above from one of Paget's valued letters to me. In another, replying to my congratulatory note to

him on his son being appointed Bishop of Oxford, he wrote—

"Dear ———,

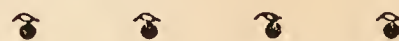
"I thank you very much for your congratulations. They give me the more pleasure because they help to fasten our old friendship, and give you a good occasion for telling of the well-doing of your own family. I heartily congratulate you on it all."*



A well-known chest specialist, one of the most accomplished scientists of the day, told me some years ago that on being asked his fee for a visit to a patient in Leeds, he replied by telegram "Eighty guineas." He received a wire requesting him to go, and on arriving at Leeds, took a cab to his destination. He was surprised to find the patient, a girl, living in a small house in a poor street. He examined her and came downstairs where the father awaited him. On the table were four sovereigns, which were handed to him as his fee. It appeared that they had read the telegram: "Eighty shillings."

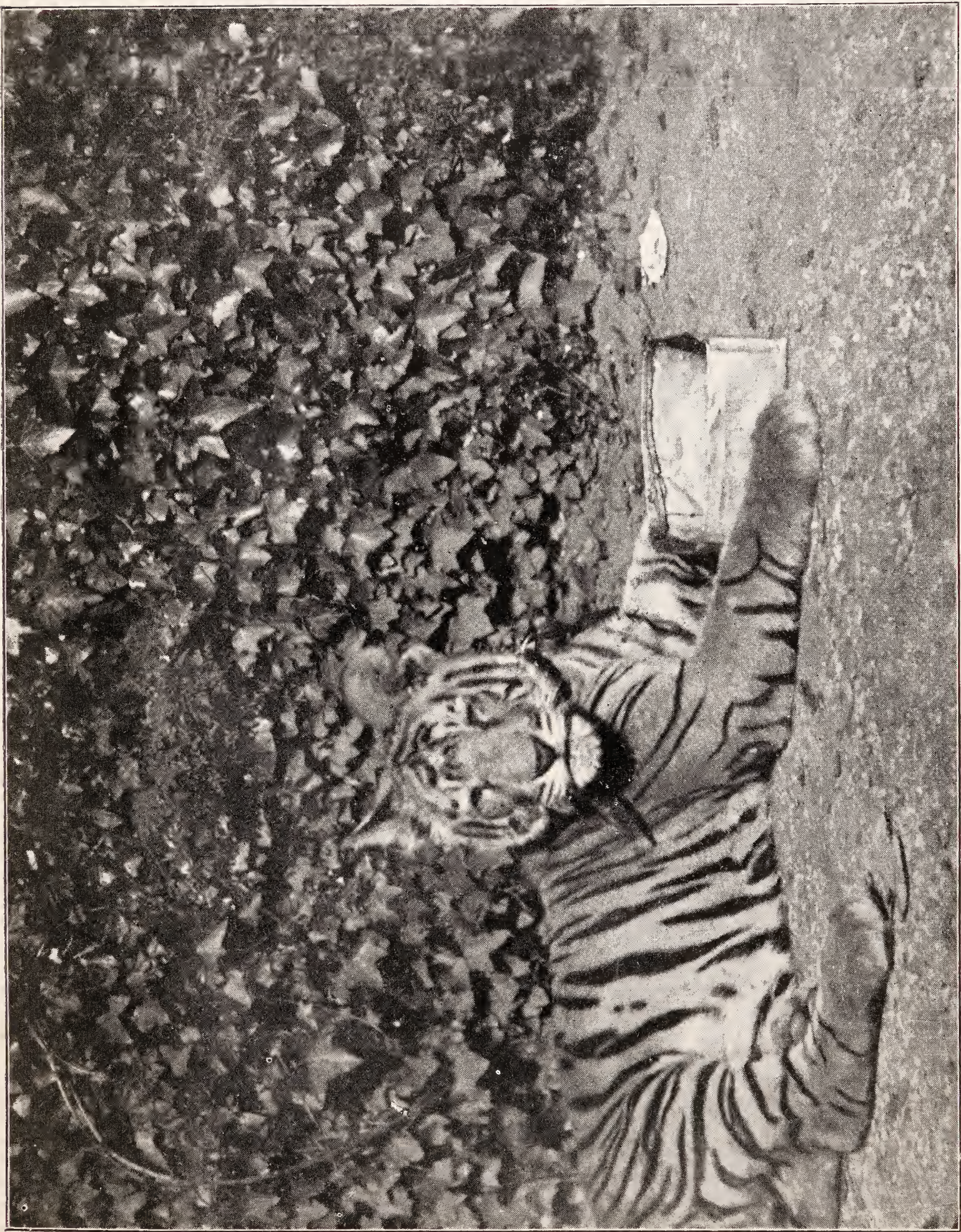
"What on earth did you do?" I enquired.

"Well," he said, "I took two for my travelling expenses, and told them they wanted the other two more than I did."



Sir William Gull was also a very generous man. An East End clergyman, with a very poor incumbency, came

* This alluded to my informing Sir James that my brother had been made a K.C.S.I., and my son appointed Assistant-Surgeon on the Sussex County Hospital Staff at Brighton.



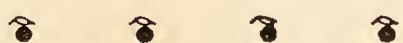
“ Jack ” Six Months Old.

to him late one evening, and tearfully told him that his wife, whom he feared was dying, kept saying that if she could only see Sir William Gull, she might recover. He went and prescribed, and the clergyman offering him his fee, Sir William, refusing the guineas, said—

“Well, I have no silver with me, and if you will pay my cab-fare home, I shall be very much obliged to you.”



Dr. Symes Thompson—whose death we have had so recently to deplore—was another generous consultant. Many a young man has had to thank him not only for gratuitous medical advice, but also for actual material assistance. No kinder-hearted or more painstaking physician ever lived.



One interesting case where the blacksmith bested the doctor occurred when I settled in a London suburb. A gentleman called me up at midnight one Saturday to see a maidservant, who, during her mistress's absence at a theatre, had slipped on her finger one of the steel rings of an old-fashioned purse, but was unable to get it off. The finger was so mauled by the efforts of the various members of the household to remove it, that it was not only swollen, but had the skin torn, and the girl had

become hysterical. I went home for a strong pair of bone forceps, as I quickly saw the only way was to break the ring, but as it was steel, I only notched the forceps, and signally failed. A hospital being near, I went with the girl and knocked up the house surgeon, who spoilt, just as I had, the strongest pair of bone forceps in the place. Seeing that the girl's finger was, as Sam Weller remarked, “wisibly swelling,” we felt rather disconcerted, but happening to ask the house surgeon if there was a blacksmith's shop near, he said—

“Oh, there is a very clever locksmith in the hospital with a bad leg.”

We called him up, and he at once said—

“You can't cut the steel, you must break it with a chisel and hammer.”

The girl was put under chloroform, and a thin spatula forced under the ring. The locksmith then, placing the chisel on the ring, with a sharp blow of the hammer quickly snapped the ring in two. It was done as cleverly as a swordsman divides a lemon placed on the palm of the hand.

I sent a note of the case to a medical journal at the time, and the following week another medical man mentioned an episode of a boy being brought to him with his head in an iron saucepan, which could not be forced off. The blacksmith of the village broke it into pieces in a similar manner.

CHAPTER VII.

I WAS asked the other day, after running to catch an omnibus, how it was I was so active at over seventy years of age. I replied I had four rules I followed—

1. A daily cold bath, winter and summer.
2. Never to touch alcohol between meals.
3. Eating only what I know will agree with me.
4. *Never to take doctor's physic.*

I have plenty of small vices, viz., cigarette smoking and drinking strong tea at any time of the day; which reminds me that I induced that most congenial of consultants, Sir Andrew Clark, who for years had inveighed against "Indian" tea, to take a cup of Orange Pekoe from the heights of the Himalayas—it was fortunately of the best. I have a letter from him, commencing: "*Letters are the burden, the sorrow, and the humiliation of my daily life,*" in which he says that he enjoyed the cup of Indian tea at my house, and should cease to abuse it in the future. Nevertheless, I see in some papers that tea and coffee are now considered virulent poisons.

Up to the age of fifty-four I played cricket regularly, being chiefly chosen for my activity in the field, but when fielding in the slips one day, I felt and heard a sudden snap in the thigh, and found I had ruptured the rectus muscle. I had the courage to have it bound up tightly with two handkerchiefs, and

refused to leave the field, although I could only limp, and certainly was in great pain. The thigh was black and blue for some days, and I was as lame as a tree, but I knew by experience that had I laid up I should have been a month or more on the couch.

This was in July. No swelling ensued, and I forgot all about the accident, but the following November I suddenly discovered a well-defined painless lump, the size of a large egg, apparently embedded in the muscle. I hurried off to "Bart's," and showed it to two of the staff who had been fellow-students with me. I suggested it was a chronic abscess, the result possibly of a little extravasated blood at the time of my accident; and one of them agreed with me, and suggested my coming into the hospital to have it punctured aseptically; the other fancied it was a fibroid tumour, and kindly offered to remove it. However, a third happily remarked, "Why not let Paget run his fingers over it?" Accordingly to Harewood Place I went, and found Sir James Paget just going to lunch, to which he invited me. He then looked at, and felt my thigh with his delicate and accurate touch, refusing to hear any particulars about it, and at once said—

"This is a ruptured muscle. When did you meet with an accident?"

I told him, and he remarked—

"Leave it alone, give up cricket, and play golf."

I followed Sir James's advice, and eventually started a golf club in my



GOLF NOTES.

OLD HAND: "Ah, I heard you'd joined. Been round the links yet?"

NEW HAND: "Oh, yes. Went yesterday."

OLD HAND: "What did you go round in?"

NEW HAND: "Oh, my ordinary clothes!"

! [Reproduced by Special Permission of the Proprietors of *Punch*.]

immediate neighbourhood, where several acres of a disused park, formerly the seat of S. Morley, Esq., happened to be available for the purpose. A professional golfer from Mitcham laid out the links, jokingly offering us five hundred pounds for one of the natural bunkers, all of which were indeed of a most sporting character. The club, however, survived only two years, as the public objected to an infringement of the right which they claimed to picnic on the greens. I induced a young lawyer to become a member, and took him round for his first game. Returning to the Club House, he met an old golfer, to whom he remarked, "I have just had my first game of golf." "How did you like it?" "Oh, immensely!" was the reply. "What did you go round in?" "Oh, *in my ordinary clothes!*" he answered. I sent the story to *Punch*, in whose pages an admirable sketch of the "new chum," by Raven Hill, shortly afterwards appeared. Curiously too, quite lately the same story gained for me *Truth's* prize for the best golf tale.

Raven Hill's sketch is reproduced by permission.



I am so often asked my opinion of cigarette smoking, that my own experience may not be uninteresting. I commenced smoking about 1848, when a mere boy at school. Another boy, now a church dignitary, with myself, bought between us with our weekly pocket-money a cigar, which we divided and smoked. We were both deadly ill, and until I was forty-six I never touched pipe or cigar again. Cigarette smoking soon

after the Crimean War became very popular, and as years went on, I found I could easily indulge in the habit. I would now back myself against Mr. Labouchere or Mark Twain in my affection for the cigarette, and all my "pocket money," is, I fear, spent on that luxury, but though I am well in the seventies, I can still play a game of tennis, or five hundred up at billiards, without fatigue, and, as I am rarely seen without a cigarette between my lips, I cannot say that the custom is injurious.

N.B.—I do not inhale, but be it remembered there are cigarettes *and* cigarettes. In any case, I quite agree with Mr. Labouchere's righteous indignation against Dr. Forbes Winslow's rash statement that cigarette smoking is a chief cause in the increase of insanity.



I have alluded to my early prowess as a dentist, and curiously I once very nearly had the chance of operating on no less a personage than our present Sovereign, when Prince of Wales. He was staying in 1860 with a nobleman, a patient who resided four miles away, for a week's shooting, and a sharp attack of toothache necessitated a doctor's assistance.

I was away at the moment, so my partner hurried off, leaving word for me to follow immediately, but I met him coming back, he having given sufficient temporary relief to the sufferer.

Once I did, however, act as dentist to "Royalty." An infant, a week old, the daughter of a well-known Queen, was brought to my Surgery. She had been born with two full-sized incisor teeth in

the upper jaw that prevented the child taking the breast. I removed them, but kept the teeth instead of taking a fee. Half-an-hour afterwards the whole Royal Family appeared demanding the teeth. The mother, one of the Lee family, was the *Queen of the Gipsies*, and the teeth were to be kept as heirlooms.



I have had perhaps more than the average experience as a medical witness in the police and law courts, and have happily been generally able to "hold my own" in the witness-box. One occasion where I gained the case for my patient is recalled to my mind.

After the death of an old lady—a Scotchwoman—over eighty years of age, it was found that she had made a second will two years before her death, much to the disappointment of the Elders of the Presbyterian Church, of which she was a member, to whom in a previous will she had left the whole of her property, several thousand pounds in amount. The second will left fifteen hundred pounds, I think it was, to her companion, a Miss —, and the remainder equally between the Scotch Church and a London Hospital. The Elders, or whatever they are called, were foolish enough to contest the will, saying she was "*non compos*" at the time that the second will was executed.

My evidence was as follows, and I described the scene with as much appropriate action as my dramatic powers allowed.

I said I had attended the old lady on several occasions during the absence of

her usual medical attendant, and was called in one morning about a year after the execution of the second will, to visit one of the servants who had met with a slight accident. I had not seen her mistress for some years, and found her greatly aged, very deaf, and getting childish. She at first did not remember me, and had quite forgotten my name. I told Miss —, the lady companion, that there would be no occasion for me to call again, as the servant would not require further attention.

"Shall we pay you now, doctor?" she enquired.

"Just as you like," I answered. "The fee will be ten shillings and sixpence."

Miss — went to the old lady, who was sitting by the fire, and shouting in her ear, said—

"The doctor says he need not call again; shall we pay his fee now?"

"Eh—eh!" was the reply.

Here I remarked, "Oh, it does not matter;" but added jokingly, "If I book it, it will be a guinea."

"What does the doctor say?" said the old dame.

"He says, if you pay him now it will be half-a-guinea, but if he books it, it will be a guinea."

"Pay him *now*! Pay him *now*, my dear!" loudly exclaimed the old Scotchwoman, turning round in the chair, and wagging both hands vigorously.

The court was convulsed, and after my evidence, the case was given up by the plaintiffs.

A gentleman, a friend of Miss —, came up to me after the trial and said—

"I want you to come across the Strand."

Thinking he was going to give me

some lunch, I accompanied him, but he took me into Cuthbertson's, the hatter's, and said—

“Give this gentleman the best silk hat you have in the shop.”



In later years before I retired from general practice, my services were chiefly required by elderly dames, some of whom happily remembered me in their wills, but the juvenility of the fair sex, even in declining years, is somewhat amusingly exhibited by the following anecdotes.

An old lady, a widow, *æt* ninety, suffering from an attack of bronchitis, from which I had pulled her through, wished to go into her drawing-room, but was quite unable to walk downstairs. As she was a very light weight, I offered to carry her. When I had lifted her up, I said—

“Put your arm round my neck, please.”

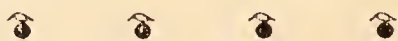
She got it half round, when she suddenly withdrew it, whispering with a blushing simper—

“Oh, but what *will* your wife say?”

Another “elderly young” lady, eighty-three years of age, said to me after an attack of illness, “I fear, doctor, I shall never live to be a very old woman.”

I well remember too, when living in the country, my next door neighbours were three charming old ladies who loved their game of whist, and often begged me to make a “fourth.” They had a horror of gambling, and nothing would induce them to play for money, but, on the other hand, they invariably insisted

on playing for penny stamps, each of them keeping their separate box.



I have alluded to the advisability of every doctor having a hobby. Sir Henry Thompson, in his clever tale, *Charley Kingston's Aunt*, preaches at some length on the same text, going even so far as to say that there was never a good doctor who had not a hobby for collecting something!

Is the converse equally true? Is every doctor who has a hobby a good doctor? I hope this may be, for, if so, I could certainly claim to be an excellent physician, for it has been my amusement through nearly all the years of my medical life to collect old oak and china. When practising in a rural district nothing would give me greater pleasure—which was shared by the donors—than to accept, in lieu of a fee, an old chest, an antiquated chair, a carved frame stained with age, from some cottager or small farmer who placed no value on—“didn't take no count of,” as he would say—the musty, often broken, heirloom. More than once, indeed, it was my fortune to rescue lovely scraps of carved oak from the ignoble fate to which they had been destined by the owner, who had thrown them on the heap of firewood in his yard.

And then what interest to build up—with the assistance of the village carpenter—the odd pieces of beautiful carving of the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries, into sideboards, bookcases, mantel-shelves, and cupboards! Or if there was nothing of oak, my fee would be an old cup or two, a cracked vase, a basin, to be placed with tender care on

the oaken shelves, or disposed of, if need were, to a dealer in antiquities. And often I would pick up a bargain at a sale, or at one of those quaint old curiosity shops which hide themselves in the back streets of our small country towns. Thus by degrees room after room in my humble homes have assumed the aspect of a corner in Kensington Museum.

I once bought for one shilling and sixpence a "coffin stool" which was rotting outside a cottage, and within a fortnight twenty or more similar stools were brought to my house by their owners, all eager to secure eighteen pennies, but evidently considering me a fool for my extravagance, although I am happy to remember that my conscience in some instances forced me to give the owner half a crown or even more. Another day I was told of some old oak for sale in a carpenter's yard some miles away. I found six very finely carved spandrils of an old market cross; a long beam of the 12th century which had supported the gallery of a church in Essex; and the front part of an old oak chest with three carved panels, one an unmistakable Adam and Eve, the second representing the "Five Sacred Wounds," and the third carved with some curious faces and symbols, the meaning of which have been variously interpreted by connoisseurs. The South Kensington Museum authorities, who bought the chest front for £5 5s., have entitled the third panel "Grotesque Masks," but I suspect it has some more hidden meaning.

The beam mentioned was carved with a most unique design, and now forms two uprights of a mantelpiece, while on

one of the spandrils a well-executed pelican and nest with three young ones feeding off the maternal breast was delineated, representing "Charity." On enquiring the price required, the man with some hesitation asked if I would give £1 for the lot, and offered with alacrity to cart the pieces home on my giving him, with equal alacrity, a sovereign. The illustration shows the front of the oak chest. Possibly some of my readers may be able to explain the significance of the third panel. Two unique bedposts, which I picked up and which now support the upper part of my drawing-room mantelpiece, are extremely fine specimens of 14th century carving.

I have been equally fortunate in my old china dealings, commencing more than thirty years ago by accidentally buying at a sale a tea service, of which many pieces were broken, for twenty-eight shillings. I had no idea then of its value, but simply purchased the lot because the various landscapes on the cups and saucers appeared to be remarkably well painted. A learned friend, a "china maniac," told me that it was "early Worcester," words that were Greek to me at the time, but when I easily sold the service, with the exception of two or three pieces kept as specimens, for £48, I determined to study the mysteries of art ware in my leisure hours, and with the help of Chaffer's and Marryatt's books, I succeeded,—after rather an expensive education, for at first I bought the veriest rubbish,—in becoming a fair expert, and my opinion is now frequently sought both by amateurs and dealers.



Front of Old Oak Chest.

CHAPTER VIII.

MEDICINE, like its brother—or is it sister?—surgery, has undergone many a change since I was a student. Gone are the moxa, and the seton; leeches, “bleeding,” and “cupping”^{*} are rarely prescribed; but the greatest change of all is manifested in the treatment of phthisis. In my time the unfortunate consumptive was doomed as a hopeless case directly his disease was diagnosed, and he was usually condemned to reside in a room with closed windows for the winter months, unless his funds allowed him to go to the Riviera or elsewhere. Some physicians, I am pleased to remember, even then believed in the efficacy of “fresh air,” but for the last seven or eight years “open air” treatment has become the fashionable prescription. The opinion is certainly growing that this is overdone, and by itself is almost certain to be disappointing.

It may be granted that a young person in the very earliest stage of consumption *might* have a chance of eradicating the disease, if his means enabled him to reside, at all events for the greater part of the year, in a properly conducted Sanatorium, say in the hills in Jamaica, which I believe to be one of the best

winter climates for patients so afflicted. But this treatment must be continued for at least two years, and how few there are whose means are sufficient for such a procedure!

Baring Gould in one of his novels, “*Chris of all Sorts*,” most pertinently and fully exposes the folly—it might almost be said the cruelty—of sending a patient, say, from one of the slums of a town, to an “open air” Sanatorium for three months only, or in some cases for even a less period, and then allowing him to return to his ill-ventilated home. I advise every medical man interested in the subject—and who is not?—to read the book, although written by a “layman.”

And I might insert here an article which appeared last year in “*The Englishman*,” which points out the significant difference between a *Sanatorium* and a *Sanitarium*, contending that the latter is the only title to which our institutions have a claim.

It was headed—

^{*} I am certain the three latter might often be prescribed with good effect, but it is a difficult matter to overcome prejudices in the public mind. In my time, farmers and others would regularly call once or twice a year to be “bled,” or “cupped,” planking down a shilling for the former, and five shillings for the latter operation, the regular fees in those days.

“THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION.

“ ‘Sanatorium’ or ‘Sanitarium?’ That is the question. When a few years ago the Sanatorium was boomed, and the biggest medical gun at Brompton, Sir William Broadbent, gave forth the prophecy that in a measurable time the Sanatorium would cleanse the land of phthisis the English public took heart again, and began to recover from the cruel disappointment which the failure of Koch’s tuberculin had caused. Quickly they opened their purse-strings and sufferers from consumption crowded at the doors of the Sanatoriums which national benevolence had erected. The years have passed and now the expectant public are beginning to shake their heads and to ask, ‘Was it worth while?’ Their doubts practically resolving themselves into the question: Have we been building Sanatoriums or merely Sanitariums? For ‘sanatory’ means, as the grammar would have it, that which appertains or belongs to ‘cure,’ while the definition of ‘sanitary’ would be, that which appertains or belongs to ‘health.’ Hence Sanatorium means a place of ‘cure,’ where disease is eradicated. ‘Sanitarium’ a place of ‘health,’ where the conditions of life are wholesome. The English in their hopeful zeal christened their institutions Sanatoriums; but the Americans, more wise and cautious, were content to call them Sanitariums. And they seem to have been right. For not very long ago the editors of the great medical journal, *The Lancet*, taking cognizance of the serious anxiety of the

public, placed before ‘a group of recognised authorities upon the treatment of pulmonary tuberculosis’ an examination paper, the answers to which have just been published.* Naturally the majority of those to whom the questions were addressed were medical officers controlling or attached to the Brompton Hospital for consumption, who have always taken the lead in the promotion of the Sanatorium, and who are presumed to be the chief experts in the treatment of phthisis. Space does not permit of a recapitulation here of all the questions that were put to the examinees. It will suffice to quote the leading and most important enquiry:—‘Whether experience has demonstrated generally the therapeutic value of the Sanatorium?’ Other questions dealt mainly with the adaptability of these institutions for working men, concluding with the pertinent enquiry whether medical men ought to advise the philanthropists to go on building costly Sanatoriums.

The gist of the replies, including that of Sir William Broadbent, is that Sanatoriums can successfully deal only with cases in the incipient stage. According to Sir Richard Powell, consulting physician at Brompton, the keynote of the system is that the wholesome conditions of the Sanatorium are ‘calculated to raise the vital resistance of the patient to the highest pitch attainable,’ and this view is expressed in the opinions of almost all the writers

*The Sanatorium and the Treatment of Pulmonary Tuberculosis. The question considered in its Therapeutical and Economic aspects. (*Lancet*, January 6th, 1906).

who follow. It is of great importance to the public, and especially we may add to the Anglo-Indian public, that this fact which seems to be thus firmly established should be thoroughly appreciated, and that those unfortunate sufferers whose lungs are seriously affected should not be led by false hopes to undergo the disappointment and cost entailed by a journey across the seas to a Sanatorium. 'These institutions,' writes Dr. Williams, another consulting physician at Brompton, 'are intended for cases of consumption of recent origin and with limited lesions. . . And not for advanced cases or even for patients where the lesions are moderate but show signs of extensions.' 'It is a system,' adds Dr. Fowler, yet another Brompton physician, 'which aims at increasing by every means the resisting power of the body, and must always find a place among the methods to be employed in combating tuberculosis of the lungs.'

It is clear that the medical evidence in *The Lancet* proves the so-called Sanatoriums to be practically nothing more than Sanitariums, in which fresh air, nourishing food, and suitable exercise are provided, and that these conditions, necessary as they are in all struggles against disease, can only avail in its earliest stages.

In these circumstances the public are naturally asking: 'Is there then no hope for the others?' On this subject the writers are for the most part reticent. But Mr. Fowler, who argues that the test to be applied to any system is not 'Will it cure in every case?' but, 'Is it the best with which

we are acquainted?' adds his opinion that the Nordrach system does meet with some success in later stages, and at the same time believes that the next century may witness the discovery of some agent capable of conferring immunity to the virus of tubercle, while again, Dr. Wethered hints that satisfactory results are claimed at certain hospitals for Koch's old tuberculin. 'Some, even bad cases,' writes Sir Richard Powell, 'are cured by nature, and when abandoned perhaps by orthodox practitioners, make the reputation of quacks who lucratively abide the processes of Nature's surprising recuperative powers.' Influenced possibly by this view the medical writers make no reference to the so-called Alabone treatment which was so strongly advocated in *The Times* four or five years ago by many who had been cured in the more advanced stages, and who offered large contributions for the trial of the treatment in London hospitals. In view of the absence of any hope of cure in the Sanatorium, except in incipient cases, it seems perhaps a pity that offer was refused. Nor again is any mention made of the splendid researches of Mr. Wright who has achieved considerable success in general tuberculosis by inoculation—nor of the promises recently held out by the discoverer of the diphtheria serum, who has just proclaimed at Paris that he expects to provide, within a year, an equally certain protection against tuberculosis of the lungs. Thus so far as Brompton's opinion is concerned, we are only offered the faint hope expressed by Dr. Fowler that the next century may

witness the long hoped-for discovery of a protecting agent.

It hardly concerns us in India to enter closely into the discussions on other questions connected with Sanatoriums at home such as the cost of the institutions, and the relative advantages of them to the rich and to the poor. But a few words may be said as to the expenditure which they entail. The annual victims of consumption are counted in Great Britain by thousands; the number of beds in one institution seldom exceeds one hundred; and six months is usually too short a period for the treatment of even the incipient stage. It is easy to understand that the cost of combating the disease through the agency of Sanatoriums which are nothing more than Sanitariums, would amount to millions. The philanthropists not without reason shake their heads. 'In spite of the warning note uttered by myself and others,' writes Dr. Williams, 'the wild expectations of the public were encouraged by the daily press and led to grievous disappointments.' 'And now,' adds Dr. Latham, 'we read week by week articles and letters on the subject, "Are Sanatoriums Worth While?"' "

Since giving up my general practice I have devoted myself to the study of chest diseases, and can entirely confirm the views expressed in the above article. The number of cases that have come for treatment, both to myself and other physicians, *after* having been in "open air" Sanatoriums, is both astounding and distressing. Many sufferers too had spent nearly all their little savings in these homes, and the accounts they have given of sleeping in wet blankets, and exposure to all weathers is almost beyond belief. Many cases of pleurisy, bronchitis, and laryngitis have been brought to my notice as *sequelæ*.

No, I feel convinced that "open air" is carried to a wrong excess and will prove to be another "*Cammararian movere*." *Fresh air*, combined with other appropriate remedies, and with an inhaling treatment, are, in my opinion, the most rational weapons to use in fighting against the disease.*

One word more may be added: Is consumption on the decrease?

Sir William Broadbent, in 1900, speaking at Salisbury, permitted himself when alluding to the "open air" treatment, to state that "Consumption would in a very short time become an extraordinarily rare disease."

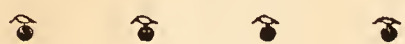
I only wish his prophecy had become true, but I find by the Registrar-General's Report for 1903 that in London alone, 7,343 deaths from phthisis were registered during that year, and during 1904, 7,738, showing

* The best inhaling machine I know of is that introduced by Dr. E. Alabone, of Highbury, whose remedies I have for many years recommended and used with success.



A Corner of Dining-room.

an increase of nearly 400. The figures for 1905 are happily less, but again in 1906 were slightly more than in 1905.



A doctor is frequently interrogated as to the age at which children should be taught to read. My experience is that just as it is impossible to lay down a fast and hard rule as to diet for an invalid,—“What is one man’s meat is another man’s poison,” being a perfectly true saying,—so it is difficult to fix any exact age at which a child should commence regular lessons. “Kindergartens” are not suitable for all infants, and in the case of some children, it is useless to try to keep them from books, even at three and four years old, while with others it is best not to let them attempt any studies until they are six or more. The study of their health in the first few years of their life is a much more important matter.

The following clever “Idyll”—when we think of our “Board Schools”—is well worth reprinting in a “doctor’s musings.”

This satire on the cramming system of modern schools originally appeared in *Puck*, the American *Punch*.

A SCHOOL IDYLL.

“Ram it in, cram it in,
Children’s heads are hollow;
 Slam it in, jam it in,
Still there’s more to follow.
Hygiene and history,
Astronomic mystery,
Algebra, histology,
Latin, etymology,
Botany, geometry,
Greek and trigonometry—
 Ram it in, cram it in,
Children’s heads are hollow.

Rap it in, tap it in,
What are teachers paid for?
Bang it in, slam it in,
What are children made for?
Ancient archæology,
Aryan philology,
Prosody, zoology,
Physics, clinictology,
Calculus and mathematics,
Rhetoric and hydrostatics—
Hoax it in, coax it in,
Children’s heads are hollow.

Rub it in, club it in,
All there is of learning;
Punch it in, crunch it in,
Quench their childish yearning,
For the field and grassy nook,

*Meadow green and rippling brook,
Drive such wicked thoughts afar,
Teach the children what they are,
But machines to cram it in,
Bang it in, slam it in—*

That their heads are hollow.

Scold it in, mould it in,

All that they can swallow;

Fold it in, hold it in,

Still there's more to follow.

Faces pinched, sad and pale,

Tell the same undying tale—

Tell of moments robbed from sleep,

Meals untasted, studies deep.

*Those who've passed the furnace
through,*

With aching brow, will tell to you,

How the teacher crammed it in,

Rammed it in, jammed it in,

Crunched it in, punched it in,

Rubbed it in, clubbed it in,

Pressed it in and caressed it in,

Rapped it in and slapped it in,

When their heads are hollow."

It is well also to remember that children are too often taught by mere rote, a proof of which was amusingly exemplified by my clerical brother-in-law, who was one of the diocesan school examiners in the fifties. The incumbent of every village where he had to inspect the schools was quite certain his particular Sunday school children had not been so instructed, and gave willing consent to their being tested. Accordingly the inspector used to raise both hands with his fingers spread out, enquiring, "How many fingers do I hold up?" A chorus of voices would shout out, "Ten."

"Which be they?" was the next question. Invariably most of the children replied, to the confusion of their pastor, "The same which God spake in the second chapter of Exodus, saying, etc., etc."



Many are the quaint answers to simple questions the doctor often has to hear, and how careful he has to be in giving exact directions to the patient!

I once attended a man—a terrible drunkard—who had broken his leg whilst intoxicated. I did my best to persuade him to sign the pledge, mentioning the subject on every possible occasion. At last, the day before he was leaving the local infirmary, he said—

"If you'll sign it, doctor, I will."

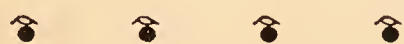
I took him at his word, and we both signed for a month. I impressed on him the fact that he was not to touch "beer or spirits" during that time. He actually called the next day to know if he might take *porter*, as I had said "nowt about

that." I may add that although I kept my pledge, the patient broke his.



Another day when driving in a strange district, I enquired of a man passing by "which was the best road to the town I wanted to visit." Betraying his nationality, he replied—

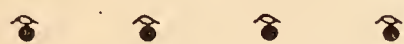
"Shure, sorr, they're both bad; and faith, whichever way you take, befor' ye get half way you'll wish you'd taken the ither," and his prophecy was fulfilled.



I am not a very robust-looking individual, so I could not resent the reply made to me by a patient whom I was urging not to drink so much beer.

"Why can't you be satisfied with one glass at dinner, as I am?" I enquired.

"Well, Doctor, if you'd only take two or three, you'd look all the better for it," was the answer.



I once asked a Shropshire workman if he was "a drinking man," but he stoutly denied the imputation.

"Were you never drunk then in your life?" said I.

"Oh, lor! yes, sir, lots of times, but I *don't* drink *reggalar*."

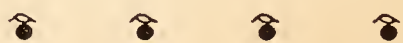


One day I requested a country patient, whose lungs I wanted to examine, to undress. Turning round in

a minute or so, I found he had commenced with his shoes and stockings!



Constantly if you are examining a villager's chest, and tell him to say "nine hundred and ninety-nine," he will generally whisper it. Request him to say "nine hundred and ninety-nine" *louder*, he will then whisper "nine hundred and ninety-nine louder," repeating the six words.



There are many so-called "cures" existent for the unfortunate dipsomaniac—and one or two are no doubt genuine and curative to a certain percentage, but I only know personally of one instance where a *woman* was effectually cured. In her case happily she was desirous to get rid of the enemy, and brandy being her *bête noir*, it was decided to flavour every article of her diet—solid and liquid—with cognac. Before three weeks had elapsed her cure was complete, and the very sight or odour of brandy gave her a shudder.

I fear some doctors—fortunately I may say, very few—are too careless in ordering alcohol, and "take a little brandy" is often too commonly prescribed. The result is the patient almost unwittingly gets into the habit of "nipping"—so often the precursor of the "curse of drinking."

I once had charge of a remarkably talented medical man who came to reside with me in order to get rid of his dipsomania. In spite of careful watching, and the impossibility, as it was thought, of his obtaining any alcoholic beverage,

every three weeks or so he became semi-intoxicated. At last it was discovered he had been tampering with the tinctures in the surgery, the tincture of cardomoms being his favourite drink.

I am glad to say he eventually recovered, and filled with credit a responsible position in the North of England, his talents and genial disposition winning him the respect and affection of a large *clientèle*.



The singularity of English surnames has often amused me.

I was once examining some candidates for an Insurance Society, and a commissionaire was engaged to usher in the applicants, calling out their names in a stentorian voice.

"Mr. Godsave" was announced, and after examination, left the room, making way for the next individual, whose name was given as "Mr. O'Dam," a combination of names which was at least a singular sequence.

The name of another patient would surely have been snapped up by Dickens for one of his characters, as he answered to the cognomen of "Pharaoh Stingimore."



During recent years my brother in India sent me various literary productions written in quaint Anglo-Oriental style* by the natives of the country,

* In the Preface of a small book entitled "*Indo-Anglian Literature*," containing the above quotations, published by Thacker & Co., the writer remarks: "It is indeed probable that most Englishmen in India would, in writing, or even dictating, a letter in Hindustani commit more errors than are to be found in many of the compositions reproduced in the following pages."

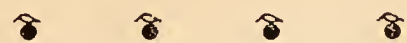
some of which, touching on medical matters, I may be perhaps permitted to quote here. One writes for instance—

Office Note.

"Office cat, by reason of death of rats, daily growing lean. Will Superintendent please increase the contingent allowance for her restoration to stoutness?"

Appeal in a "Fine" Case.

"Your honor may be right, I may be wrong. I may be right, and Honor wrong, let honour give me back the fine, and then at day of resurrection when all hearts will be open if I am wrong, I will most gladly, Sir, return your Honor the money."



The following are a few answers given at recent Calcutta examinations:—

Q. *Who was Cardinal Wolsey?*

A. As Bishop of Yourk, but died in disentry in a church on his way to be blockbeaded.

A. Cardinal Wolsey was Governor of India. (*Did he mean Wellesley?*)

A. Cardinal Wolsey was said to be the spiritual guide of the Methodists. (*Wesley?*)

Q. *What was the Habeas Corpus Act?*

A. Habeas means heavy Corpus, the dead, hence it derives the meaning of an act.

A. Habeas Corpus, was set upon the Crops.



Old Oak: Mantelpiece.

Q. *What is the meaning of a Sheriff?*

A. Sheriff was the English bill of common prayer.

A. Sheriff is a kind of titlous sect of people, as Barons, Nobles, etc.

A. The man with whom the accusative persons are placed is called Sheriff.



Other answers to questions were as follows:—

Lord Napier of Magdala introduced Logathrism, and *Hervey* discovered the circulation of blood.

Thanes was a title given to the merchants who have walked three times round the world.

Q. *Graduate the Danish Steelyard.*

A. This question is a downright violation of the law of God—since we are not coolies neither petty shopkeepers that we will graduate a Danish Steelyard.

Q. *Describe the Solar Spectrum.*

A. When we were lectured by one Professor he told us the greatest heat at red, but when we were lectured by another he told us greatest heat to be a violet. We don't know what of the two is correct.

Q. *State the use of the Thermometer.*

A. The thermometer is used to measure the temperature, and is important for a cold country to show the monotonous temperature of the rooms of great men.



But of all the Indo-Anglian literature sent me, none is more amusing than the following, which I venture to quote *in extenso*:

A PETITION

SENT TO THE POLITICAL AGENT AT KEROLEE, INDIA, IN MARCH, 1887:—

RESPECTFULLY SHEWETH that your honour's servant is poor man in agricultural behaviour, and much depends on seasons for staff of life. Therefore he prays that you will favour upon him, and take him into your saintly service, that he may have some permanently labour for the support of his soul and his family. Wherefore he falls on his family's bended knee, and implores to you of this merciful consideration to a damnable miserable like your honour's unfortunate petitioner. That your lordship honour's servant was too much poorly during the late rains and was resuscitated by much medicines, which made magnificent excavations in the coffers of your honourable servant, whose means are already circumcised by his large family of five female women, and three masculine, the last of whom are still taking milk from mothers chest, and are damnably noisy through pulmonary catastrophe of the interior abdomen. Besides the above-named an additional birth is, through the grace of God, very shortly occurring to my beloved wife of bosom. That your honour's damnable was officiating in several capacities during past generations but has become too much old for expousing hard labour in this time of his bodily life; but was not drunkard, nor thief, nor swindeller, not any of these kind, but was always pious and affectionate to his numerous family, consisting of the afore-said five female women and three masculines, the last of whom are still milking the parental mother. That your generous

honour's lordship's servant was entreating magistrate for employment in state to remove filth, &c., but was not granted petition. Therefore your lordship will give to me some light work in the department, for which act of kindness, your noble lordship's poor servant will, as in duty bound, ever pray for your lordship's longevity and procreativeness.



I am glad to have the opportunity of putting into print my views of the value and importance of vaccination, a question which is always engaging public attention; and I am never so happy, in a medical sense, as when I convert a non-believer to its efficacy and necessity. In 1878 I wrote a long article on the subject of Re-vaccination, which was published in "*The Lancet*" at the time, and I communicated to "*The Times*" some few years ago a circumstance which went far to prove the value of Jenner's discovery. The story was this.

Some thirty years ago, when a public vaccinator in the country, I was called to see the son of a farmer, who had been sent home ill from a large establishment in London. I found him covered with a rash which I pronounced to be confluent small-pox. On enquiring when he was last vaccinated, I ascertained that the father—who was absent from home at the time—had a rooted objection to vaccination, and that none of his family had ever been vaccinated. Having some fresh vaccine in my pocket-case, I, on my own responsibility, vaccinated every inmate, I think five in number, in the house. The father, on his return, was very irate at my having done this, and threatened,

not only personal chastisement, but legal proceedings as well. None of the five took the complaint, but the boy, aged about eighteen, died on the ninth day of the attack, the case being a very severe one.

It was with difficulty that bearers could be obtained for the funeral, and I suggested that they should be first re-vaccinated. All but one consented, and that one was, within a fortnight, laid up with a mild form of the disease. He had been vaccinated when an infant. A fortnight, exactly, after the death of the son, the father attended a neighbouring market, and was noticed by his acquaintances to look "very queer." This was on a Saturday. On Sunday morning I was sent for and found him delirious; I pronounced him to be sickening for small-pox, and on the Monday the worst form of the disease—hemorrhagic—showed itself; and he died unconscious on the Tuesday. No one would come near the house, and I and the nurse, who had had the complaint many years previously, had to place him in the coffin, which was then passed through the window. Doubtless many public vaccinators in the kingdom could give similar instances. Within a week of this unfortunate man's death I was busy enough re-vaccinating nearly every adult in the village and surrounding hamlet, altogether between two and three hundred applicants applying.



The danger of being "buried alive" has always been a dread to many people, and I have had on several occasions to prove the fact that death had actually taken place by operating on the corpse.

One curious case is recalled to my mind. Mr. —, an elderly man, went to reside in Lancashire, leaving behind him in Norfolk many friends, the chief one being his doctor who had attended him all his life. This medical friend was one day summoned to Lancashire to see Mr. —, who was seriously ill, and not expected to live. On arriving, he found him unconscious and apparently moribund, and agreed with the medical man in attendance that it was impossible for his poor friend to survive more than an hour. Being many miles from the nearest railway station, and feeling it was useless to stop, he decided to return to Norfolk the same night, and at the request of the friends took a note to the undertaker, living at Lancaster, desiring him to send a shell over in the morning to the residence of the patient. The undertaker accordingly did so, but found

the patient eating a good breakfast, for the death-like swoon had passed off, and Mr. — lived for many years after to chaff unmercifully his old doctor, who had not only condemned him to die, but had even ordered his coffin.



But I think with this anecdote I can well bring my recollections to an appropriate end, for although incidents more or less noteworthy keep crowding upon my memory, I fear my musings may have already tired my readers, or at all events find none who are “*Oliver Twists*” to ask for “more.” Moreover, I have come to the end of my paper, and so my paper must end.

As I said in the Preface, “*Scripsi quod potui, non quod volui!*”

APPENDIX I.

ALTHOUGH I regret I cannot call myself the author of the following interesting paper, still as it was written by a near relative I include it in my "Musings," as it may be useful to any invalid who chances to come across my little book, and who is thinking of a visit to

CARLSBAD.

[Reprinted from the "*Pioneer*," September 14, 1889.]

SO many of my friends have asked me what I did at Carlsbad and what Carlsbad did for me, and above all what it cost, that I have been at last obliged to say "I will tell you in the *Pioneer*," counting upon that journal to admit into its columns a brief account of a pleasant little corner of the earth to which all Anglo-Indians whose waist or liver is too large ought to betake themselves.

I was not ill. I had indeed, on my arrival in England, been passed as serviceably sound by an eminent London physician, but my tailor had had to lengthen his tape a new couple of inches as he stretched his arms round me, and the porter to pick up an extra stone as I sat in the Club chair. And then the physician had whispered something about indications of gouty tendencies and enlarged liver, so that when an old friend, who had even more surplus pounds of flesh to cast off than I had, suggested a joint trip to Carlsbad

I accepted with something like alacrity. I had often wished to try the experiment, and I had never met an Anglo-Indian who had done so who had not congratulated himself on his visit. The eminent physician said:—"Yes, Carlsbad will do you good or Marienbad—Marienbad is more bracing for an Anglo-Indian." This is true, and Anglo-Indians should think of it before they take lodgings at Carlsbad; but the two places lie so close together that in case of doubt it is almost better to go and see both before deciding. We at any rate chose Carlsbad and spent a happy three weeks in that lotus-eating paradise, with the result in my own case that the tailor cut three inches out of the record in his book and the physician pronounced the indications gone, while my more corpulent friend had lost a stone or two of his superfluous flesh. And now I will no longer weary the reader who wishes to know something about Carlsbad with personal experiences, but will endeavour to throw into as brief a space as possible the few facts and words of advice which may be useful to those who wish to try the water-drinking cure.

Most people whom I meet and who have not been there seem to think that Carlsbad and Marienbad are in Germany, whereas both are in the north-west corner of Austria, and any Anglo-Indian who wishes to go there direct from India should go through Munich or Vienna. An alternative and pleasant though more lengthy route is *via*

Constantinople up the Danube. From London the road lies through Mayence and Nuremburg, and, going or coming, one day or two days must be spent at Nuremburg, which is, to some people's minds, the most interesting place on the Continent and is, in the matter of wood-carving, the Ahmedabad of Europe. Before starting it is not a bad thing to find a servant who can at least talk German. With the assistance of the manager of the foreign servant agency—a useful institution, by the way, at 12, Leicester Place, Leicester Square—we obtained a willing and honest Swiss lad who, at the age of eighteen, knew a good deal about four languages and who proved an invaluable addition to our comfort; for an Anglo-Indian wants a bearer at the baths to carry his towels and his changes of clothes and his drinking glass, and his books and his letters, and he wants an interpreter to make bargains with shopmen and beat down cabmen. Our servant saved almost as much as he cost in cash, besides relieving us from an incalculable amount of worry. It is fair to add that most people did not take a servant; but then they had lived their lives without a bearer and could talk German.

The next precaution is the choice of a doctor—a matter of importance to the purse as well as to the health. There are splendid quacks who use the waters themselves to create imaginary ailments which are only roused to be allayed and paid for. There are at these baths a variety of wells which naturally contain waters of a very similar character, as all are supplied from one original source; but the quack revels in their multiplicity and tosses about their queer imposing

names as a juggler does his golden balls till the patient is reduced to the required state of bewilderment and dependence on his advice. "Take to-day one glass of Marionquelle; one of Eisenbad and one of Schwanzerquelle and come to me to-morrow afternoon." As a matter of fact, the honest doctor will not require to see his patient more than once a week or so, and as a doctor must be consulted before the treatment is commenced, it is as well to go with a good name in the pocket.*

Then lodgings. We were advised to secure rooms by wire before leaving London. We did not, and I say to others "Don't!" You only require a room to sleep in, not to live in, and if you are determined to be economical you can, except in the height of the season, get a very comfortable pleasant lodging in a side street for ten florins a week, whereas the fashionable houses will charge you twenty, thirty, forty and so on. Luckily the height of the season is June and July, when no Anglo-Indian ought to expose his exhausted frame to the relaxing heat of Carlsbad. May, August or even April and September are the months I should recommend to the Indian patient. Even then there are hot days. The plan recommended in some of the books is a wise one—to go to any hotel for a day and search for lodgings. The neighbourhood of Koenig's Villa is the healthiest and airiest and least relaxing, and I would advise the Anglo-Indian to hunt in circles round that

* The writer will be glad to give to any inquirers through the *Pioneer* Office the names of the Carlsbad and Marienbad doctors who were recommended to him by the eminent London physician aforespoken of, also addresses of lodgings.

estimable but expensive hotel, which is on the summit of a hill, and to widen his circle as he desires to spare his purse. We obtained comfortable and satisfactory rooms for a substantial but, considering the situation, moderate price at a house opposite Koenig's Villa. I did better for a friend with two boys, finding two pleasant rooms close by with accommodation for the three for thirteen florins a week—a reduced price due to the lateness of the season.

And now we will suppose that, with or without a white bearer, my Anglo-Indian friend has reached Carlsbad, selected his rooms and chosen his doctor: what is he to do next, and what is the life before him? Well, of course he will go and see his doctor in the first instance, who will give him general directions as to diet and habits. He will tell him to drink one, two or three glasses of such-and-such water in the early morning, to breakfast at 8-30 to 9—tea, dry bread and eggs or a slice of ham; then to stroll about the woods; to dine at one: plain meat and as little else as possible—no fruit, salad, cheese or butter, and he will allow him half a pint of red wine or a bottle of Bavarian beer; woods again and cup of tea in the afternoon, with a light meal to wind up with at 7 p.m. He will tell him also to walk as much as possible during the day, to banish all worrying thoughts and occupations, and perhaps to take two or three baths—saline water or mud—during the week. If there is any serious illness in the case special advice will of course be added, but for the ordinary Anglo-Indian, who wants merely to get rid of biliousness, gout or dyspepsia, and reduce that uncomfortable tendency to Oriental flabbi-

ness and fat which is engendered by an Indian life, the above instructions will suffice. There is one thing, however, which the doctor has omitted, but which I must not—and that is the musical cure. Carlsbad, whatever medical attractions it may have in climate, water or mud, could not cure without its music. When I left Carlsbad I believed in *Saul*. No one who has not heard a Continental band of first calibre can imagine it possible that so many instruments could combine to produce the delicate touches, the gentle lights and shades, the pathos and feeling with which the Carlsbad musicians deliver the sonatas of Beethoven and Mozart, or the tenderest morsels from the operas and oratorios of the great masters. If you don't want to go to Carlsbad to drink its waters (though no Anglo-Indian cannot but benefit by them) go to hear its music.

Well, after you have seen your doctor you must pay your town subscription, the greater part of which goes to the band, and the rest to maintain the public buildings. I have not the notes by me in which were recorded the amount assessed on me and my friend, but it varies according to the position of the visitor, anyone belonging to "society" having to pay a subscription of the first-class, which amounts to something like thirty or forty florins; but if you belong to an Indian service do not from pride, humility, or *insouciance* disguise the fact. Foreigners have compassion on the paid hirelings of the State, extending their sympathies even to those of other countries, and so it happened that I, who entered the words "Civil Servant" in the public register, escaped with two-thirds of the subscription levied on my friend

who was enrolled as a "gentleman" at large. Having paid your subscription, go and buy a cup and strap, which you will henceforth have to wear after the fashion of a shot-belt. Next morning you may launch yourself on the career to which you have committed yourself for the next three or four weeks. Here let a word of warning be given. If your frame is weakened by a long residence under the Indian sun, and you have not a reserve of constitutional strength upon which to fall back, do not stay a day more than three weeks, and beg your doctor moreover not to prescribe for you too strong a dose of the waters, for the treatment is lowering while it lasts, and an Anglo-Indian cannot always stand so much pulling down as other people.

To return now to the commencement of the daily life. Be called at 5-30 a.m. and stroll down the hill to the prescribed spring, which will probably be the principal one in Carlsbad, over which is erected a spacious hall round which the water drinkers trudge in solemn procession to the sound of cheery music. The band begins to play at 6 a.m., and it requires something cheery, be it said, to counteract the effect of the melancholy faces of the jaundiced patients whose lives have suffered from too much German beer or too many Paris dinners, and who, as they stroll dejectedly round the room, remind one of the fire-quaffers in the torment-house in *Vathek* who march round the fire-hall each with a hand on his burning heart. The illusion is maintained by the scene which presents itself on first entering the building. A streaming, bubbling fountain with boiling waters that might come fresh from Hades is ladled out in the victims'

cups which are placed upon a kind of elongated tongs by youthful sorceresses with yellow hair and light-blue eyes. An occasional sop to Cerberus in the shape of a florin note to the attendant sprites will ensure quick attention. The cup received, you try and sip the burning liquid, an attempt which at first results in your arriving at the old definition of "velocity" (velocity, says a standard work, is what you put down a hot plate with), but a little patience and experience lead you to find that you can dispose of the contents of your tumbler in about ten minutes, and then, under the stock rules of the establishment, you must gently stroll to the sound of music for at least twenty minutes before you quaff again. Luckily the water has no particular taste and is exhilarating in its effects, so that you need not make a wry face when the twenty minutes comes to an end. This sort of thing goes on till 8 a.m., when the band concludes its programme and you issue forth into the street to buy the solid portion of your breakfast at one of the baker's shops in the principal street, where fancy breads of rival shapes and flavours are produced to tempt the patients who are bound by the rules of the water-cure not to indulge in buttered toast or luxuries of that kind.

It is a curious sight to see several hundred people, some of them dukes or princes for aught you know, strolling down a long "High Street" between eight and nine in the morning, each with a pink or yellow paper bag suspended from the tips of his fingers. However, you join the throng and soon find yourself outside the town with the choice of half-a-dozen open-air restaurants before you—some prettily situated in gardens

on the side of a hill and others on the river bank. You sit at a little round table under a tree, and there soon appears at your side a repetition of the morning sorceress with yellow hair and blue eyes, who asks whether you will take tea or coffee, eggs or ham—nothing else is provided. Breakfast over—tobacco is not forbidden—and then you may take a stroll and have a leisurely look at Carlsbad scenery. It is not unlike Naini Tal without the lake, but the woods are more formal and regular, and the creepers and undergrowth are wanting; the air, too, is soft and balmy, and sometimes even close and oppressive, and you know that it is not the air of the Himalayas. But there are pleasant winding paths that tempt you to stroll along sometimes for miles, and there are rustic seats in the shade where you can rest—and not read, for you don't want to read at Carlsbad, but ruminate and dream. At 1 p.m. you must find yourself in the neighbourhood of the hotel or restaurant in the town where you intend to have your meal of the day, and which you generally eat in an open verandah. We liked the dinner at Kœnig's Villa best, for the cooking is good and the view pleasant; and there is, moreover, a nicely-kept little garden with comfortable arbours for the after-dinner cigar and the daily *Times*. Happy thought! Order your own *Times* from your London agent before you go to Carlsbad, as the worry of waiting till other people have done with it in the reading-room interferes with your cure. Having perused your paper in a sleepy way for an hour or two you may stroll again in the woods, or go and hear the wonderful band in the garden to which it is told off

for the day, while you sip your cup of tea and smoke your cigarette: or you may do as I did, and try and catch a trout in the neighbourhood (they are to be caught if you know where to go, as I discovered towards the end of my visit).

Then comes the evening meal—in the open air again—a meal to which I looked forward, as it was the one time in the day at which permission was given to indulge in the Indian beverage—a mild whisky peg—and then—well, and then—bed—the first week at 9-30, the second at 9, the third at 8-30. It seems the natural thing to do to go to bed at a place where all sounds of music and revelry are forbidden after 10 p.m., and, where every one is up and about before 6 a.m. You do like the rest of the world, and after a day or two are vexed if you are not at the music hall in time to hear the first strains of the opening piece as the clock strikes six. And then *da capo*, except that this day may be the day for your bath, in which case the after-breakfast walk must be cut short in order to let you present the ticket which you have bought for your series of baths at the hour named thereon. Don't forget, by the way, to buy your ticket as soon as you have received your doctor's orders about baths, for the earlier you apply the better chance there is of a choice of a vacant hour which will suit your convenience. I had been ordered mud baths. When I walked into the cell the contents of the bath looked so nasty that I stood trembling on the brink. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*. There is in reality nothing more soothing or comfortable (if you shut your eyes and don't look at the mud) than being immersed up to your neck in a semi-fluid

substance in which you can't sink, and which imparts a pleasant tingling warmth to every square inch of the frame. I didn't want to get out again, but when I did stand up I was horror-struck at my appearance, and with the thought that it would take twenty-four hours' scrubbing to get clean again. Nothing of the sort. The door opened, an attendant appeared and poured the equivalent of a mussuck of water over me, and the mud was gone! There is something oily about it which prevents the least morsel of it from adhering to the skin. The bath over, you are told to walk quietly home and lie down for an hour before dinner, with a cigarette and the *Times* if you like, after which you may finish the day as before.

The effect of drinking Carlsbad salts is curious and at the first very unexpected. They do not have the result ordinarily attributed to "salts," but in the case at any rate of the majority of drinkers exactly the opposite. They are apparently somewhat indigestible and give rise to swimings in the head, and uncomfortable dyspeptic feelings which make you suspect in the beginning that you cannot be a proper subject for Carlsbad, and that you are only doing yourself harm. But after a week or ten days these symptoms disappear, and you seem to be lighter (as the scales will probably tell you is the case), fresher in spirit and younger in years—that is, if you don't stay over long and get too utterly pulled down in flesh.

At last the day comes when you go to bid the doctor good-bye and give him his fee (mine was fifty florins for eight visits, but he left it to me and I might have given less) and receive his con-

gratulations at your improvement. "But oo will feel ze real goot, mine dear zur, ven zu have been von munz away, and take ze care, mind, to go on viz ze diet of Karlzbad for dree weeks." The three weeks, indeed, after Carlsbad are as important as the three weeks at Carlsbad. Any deviation from the Carlsbad diet is sure to disagree with the salts still in your system, and fresh fruit especially will give you something like cholera. But not only so. You must go straight to the most bracing climate that will suit your convenience and take an enormous amount of exercise. I chose a walk with a fishing-rod through the Engadine, but golf at St. Andrew's or a trudge after the partridges in the turnip fields of Norfolk would do equally well. And at the end of the six weeks, from the day that you arrived at Carlsbad, you will feel as you did when you received your first sailing orders for India. All the malaria and effects of malaria have been cleaned out of your system by the saline drenching to which the blood has been exposed. The German doctor was candid enough to tell me that there were many diseases for which Carlsbad was useless; but for anything due to malaria, like chronic dysentery for instance, or tendency to diarrhoea connected with disordered liver, &c., "it acted like magic" were his words. But he added that one visit was not always enough; that a second made the cure safer; but that if this was impossible it would be wise to procure a bottle of the salts a twelve-month hence and go through the course as well as one could in one's Indian home, provided the treatment was succeeded by a three-weeks' walk on Carlsbad diet in good mountain air. I

followed the advice, took the salts at the beginning of October in the year after my return to India and obtained three weeks' privilege leave for a walk in the best climate in the world, viz., the late autumn in Kumaon. And now my friends ask me how it is I look so young.

But I have forgotten to say what it costs. Unfortunately I have lost my note-book and cannot give details. But the net result was that—including subscriptions, doctor's fees, and wine bill—I spent fifteen shillings a day. My more economical friends for whom I secured the cheaper lodgings did it for just two-thirds of this rate, *i.e.*, for ten shillings a day. It is certainly worth while to get a sound liver and drive the malaria out of your system at a cost of from ten to fifteen shillings a day for three weeks. So go to Carlsbad, my dyspeptic, fever-stricken, liver-out-of-order victims of an Indian climate: only—one last word—don't go alone! Take with you at least one friend of your bosom into whose ear you may pour the tale of your daily experiences of the results on your system and feelings of the Carlsbad salts. A casual acquaintance won't do: there must be someone to whom you can confide the alarming giddiness you feel at 11 a.m.; with whom you can discuss the serious question whether you should take five or ten minutes to dispose of the contents of your first tumbler; and whom you can compel to take a walk with you in the afternoon for the purpose of receiving your confidential communications for the space of two or three hours. So don't go alone! But go!

E. C. B.



Dean Stanley was for years very intimate with my father, and I insert an extract from his letter to me, regretting his inability to attend my father's funeral:—

“Had I been in London I would certainly have come. But I have started on a series of engagements which I cannot break, and I must therefore ask you to take the will for the deed. May all the blessings which spring out of the recollections of a long life most usefully spent be with you and yours in a departure which, however expected, is not the less sad when it comes.”

It may not be out of place here to append the following anagram which I composed many years ago, and sent up to one of *Truth's* competitions for the best “*Metrical Anagram*,” on the name of any living well-known character. I have italicized the words formed by transposing the letters of the Dean's name, “Arthur Stanley, Dean, Westminster.”

METRICAL ANAGRAM.

“*With many tears returns sad Lent,**
Yet why repine; our griefs were sent
With wise intent; and who can tell,
But that those loved, were loved too
well.”



Madame Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind), was a great friend of the writer's mother, and the following characteristic letter

* Dean Stanley's mother and wife died, to his great sorrow, on two successive Ash Wednesdays, and he never really got over the shock of their deaths.

from the gifted songstress is worth recording. It was written respecting the "Stanley Home," for friendless girls, established in Norwich by Bishop Stanley's daughter, and my mother.

"Wimbledon Common, S.W.,
"22nd April, 1862.

"Dear Mrs. —,

"Nothing is truer than our old Swedish saying, viz., 'It is a most profitable thing to give to the poor.' If you can maintain *your poor girls* for a whole year for those £50, I must say that *I* have gained most by it, and my heart is full of gratitude that such is the case.

Many thanks for your kind note. I am sure there is—for me and my beloved husband—no pleasure on earth greater than to *give*; if I had a large fortune, at least anything *like* what people think—I would give with full hands. I possessed *my little when I married*, and what we have—I have next God—to thank my husband's judgment and management, else I would give all I have

"Believe me, dear Mrs. —,

"Yours very truly,

"JENNY GOLDSCHMIDT."



Porto Venere, Gulf of Spezia.

APPENDIX II.

DR. MANTEGAZZA ON SPEZIA.

A GOOD SUMMER RESORT.

[Extract from the Popular Hygienic Almanac for 1892, by Professor Paolo Mantegazza.]

“WHOEVER likes sea-bathing at a solitary and poetic spot; whoever loves nature rather than mankind and flies from crowded throngs, from noisy festivities; whoever does not wish to take with him in the holidays the labours and worries of town life—go and bathe at San Terenzo on the Gulf of Spezia.

“I have gone there for twenty years, and I prophesy that I shall go there for yet another twenty.

“The coast is superb, the water more limpid than rock crystal, the fish numerous and edible.

“Whoever, in short, wishes for sumptuous hotels and who does not know how to renounce the comforts of large towns, yet at the same time wishes to bathe in the poetical paradise of San Terenzo, should establish himself at Spezia, from whence every hour one can go to San Terenzo by the quickest steamers for a few pence.

“This progress is owing to the initiation of the celebrated (*egregio*) proprietor of the Royal Hotel “Croce di Malta.”

“Dr. Oldoini has lately published a careful work on the climate of Spezia, which above all is intended to defend this town (situated on one of the most enchanting bays in Italy), from the accusations launched against it.

“From 1830 until the present time the highest temperature that has been verified at Spezia is that of the second decade of August, 1887, when the thermometer rose to 34.5 deg. C.; and the lowest 3.2 deg. C., as was experienced (*è avuta*) in the first decade of February, 1888.

“The medium annual temperature, calculated from the observations made during the last ten years, is 15.01 deg. C. According to this Spezia belongs to the class of Foussagrives’ bathing (*termici*) climates or to the isothermal zone of climatology, a zone which embraces in its locality a mild and unvarying climate.

“For whoever knows how to read this, these figures are

Seasons.	Medium.	Maximum.	Minimum.
Winter	8.7	12.5	5.5
Spring	17.2	19.7	13.5
Summer	22.4	26.4	19.8
Autumn	8.6	15.1	9.8

—sufficient praise of the climate of Spezia.

“As to moisture, it may be said that it stands between the moderately wet

and moderately dry climate; its general action on our organisation is therefore sedative.

“The celebrated Dr. Oldoini, who by a long, careful, and patient study is especially competent to judge the thera-

peutic value of the climate of Spezia, advises it for many forms of consumption; during convalescence from lung diseases; for anæmia; and for chlorosis.”

MEDICAL APPENDIX.

CASE 1.

JN 1853, a man, *æt* twenty, driving a wagon and team home from a hayfield dismounted at a gate, and was walking by the side of his horses, when the shaft of the wagon squeezed his face between some sharp palings. On admission at the hospital, his tongue was hanging sideways out of his mouth, attached to the palate only by a few shreds of membrane. The tongue was lacerated on its under surface, but all hemorrhage had ceased. A wound about two inches in length was noticeable on the lower part of the left cheek, through which the finger could be passed into the mouth, first coming into contact with a comminuted fractured end of the ramus of the inferior maxillary bone. A smaller wound was also existent on the right cheek with a similar fracture. The end of the bone projected upwards inside the mouth, pressing against the soft palate, and doubtless had torn the tongue from its roots. A ligature was applied, and the tongue removed with the aid of a scalpel, and bones replaced in as good a position as possible. Within a month the wound had healed, and he could feed himself with a spoon placed at the back of his mouth, and throwing his head well back. When he left the hospital about two months after the accident, he could articulate sufficiently well so that anybody with a little extra attention could readily understand what he was saying. The tongue was preserved, and is in the Hospital Museum.

CASE 2.

A boy, *æt* seven, was admitted in June, 1854, suffering from calculus. Lateral lithotomy was performed by Mr. N——. Two calculi were removed, weighing 3 dr. 1 scruple. He was discharged in July. The same boy was re-admitted in September, 1855, and operated on again by Mr. N——, a larger calculus being removed, in weight 4 dr. 3 gr. He recovered without a bad symptom.

CASE 3.

A boy, *æt* nine, admitted in February, 1854, with extensive burns on back and arms. He progressed favourably for three weeks, when tetanus supervened. The paroxysms produced terrible suffering, and chloroform was given sometimes for twenty minutes at a time. Chloroform was also ordered internally, commencing with 8 minims, increased gradually to 20 minims every four hours, in conjunction with 5 grains of quinine. This treatment continued from the 9th March to the 20th March. On the 26th March all the symptoms of tetanus had disappeared, the wounds gradually healed, and he was discharged "cured" in June.

CASE 4.

During my year's work on the East Coast, in 1860, my note-book records the case of an old fisherman over seventy years of age. I was sent for, as he had broken about two and a half inches of a silver catheter into his bladder. No doubt

lithotrity could have been performed, but he was twenty miles from any hospital (and no railway in those days), and was anxious something should be done at once. I therefore, with the assistance of a neighbouring medical man, removed it by lateral lithotomy, an operation I had witnessed scores of times when a student. I was very proud of the operation, which brought me considerable *kudos*.

CASE 5.

Another interesting case was that of a patient who died from bronchitis when seventy-five years of age. This patient was noted for eccentricity, and had always passed for a woman. However, after death there was found to be a congenital absence of the bladder and other malformations, showing that at all events this unfortunate being had no claim to female attire. This person had always lived alone, but none of the neighbours had any suspicion of the facts. I took

a plaster of Paris cast of the parts, which was afterwards reproduced in wax, and which is now in the Hospital Museum. The case is fully recorded in the *Med. Chir. Transactions*, 1860.

CASE 6.

The following curious coincidence happened in the case of a young fellow who consulted me respecting a very large unsightly bursal tumour on the back of his hand, close to the wrist joint. I told him it would require a slight operation, which he asked me to defer until the following week, as he was engaged to play in a cricket match on the Saturday.

I laughingly said, "The best thing that could happen to you would be for the cricket ball to hit it, when it would probably be cured."

Singularly, the cricket ball *did* strike him exactly on the ganglionic swelling which was immediately dispersed, and prevented the necessity of an operation.

